VOL. CCXIII, No. 2778

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THE SPHERE, MAY 9, 1953
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The SPHERE

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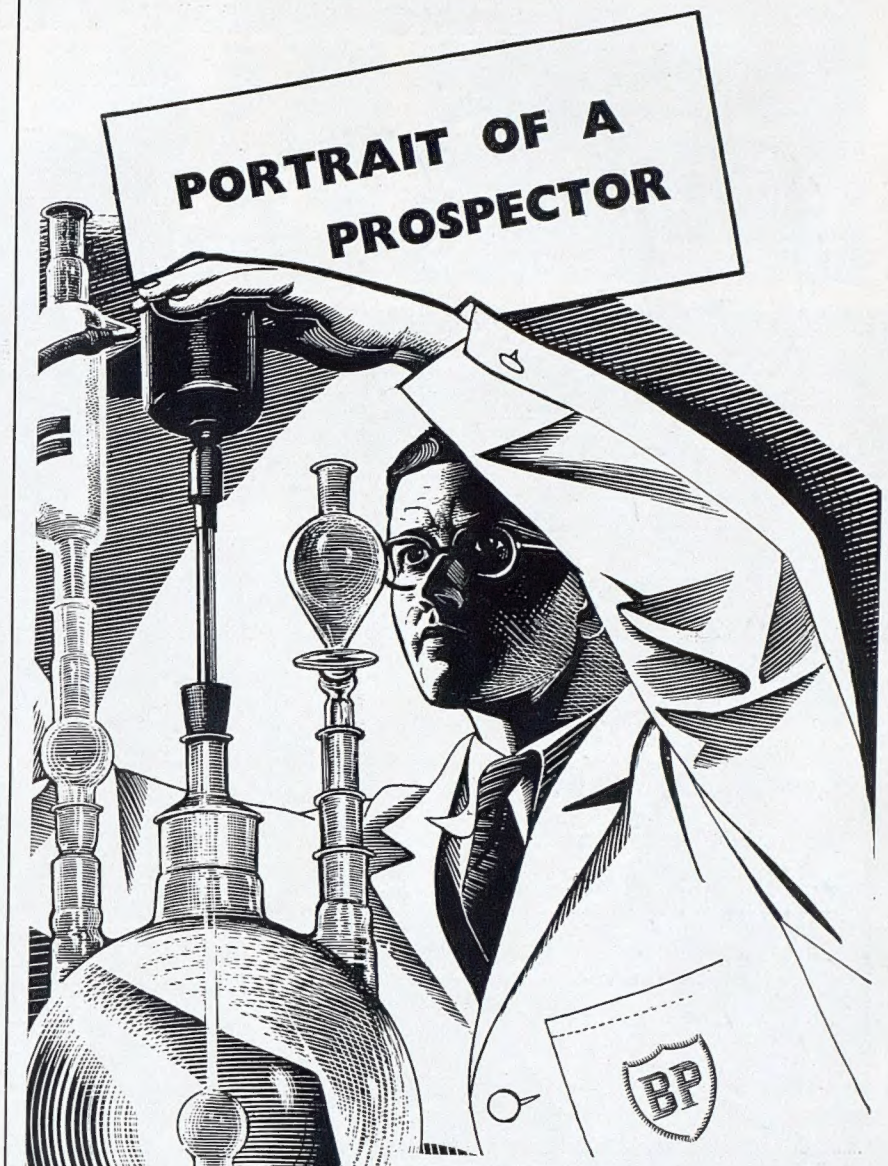

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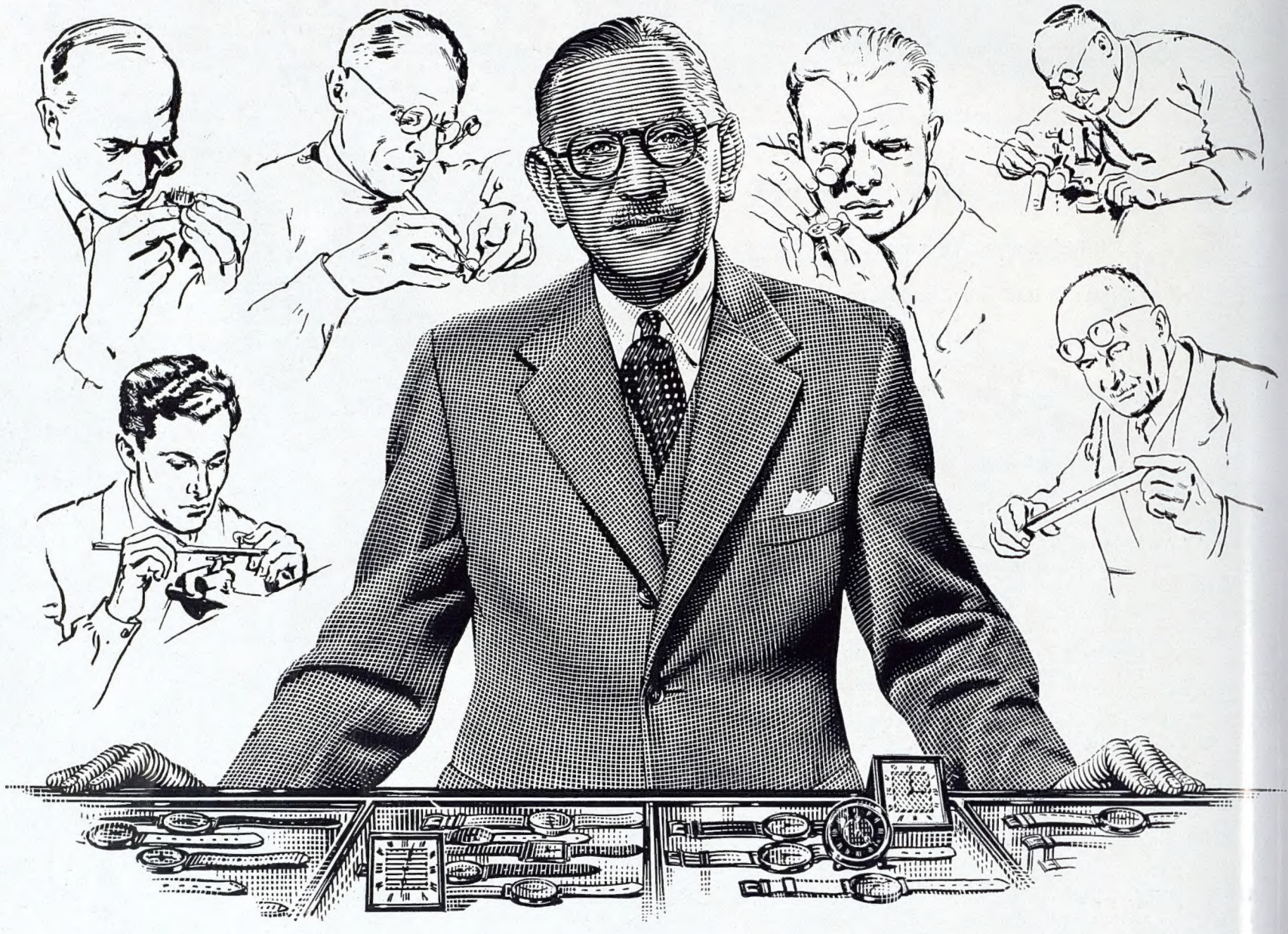

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SWISS FEDERATION WATCH MANUFACTURERS

Volume CCXIII No. 2778

The SPHERE, London, May 9, 1953

The SPHERE

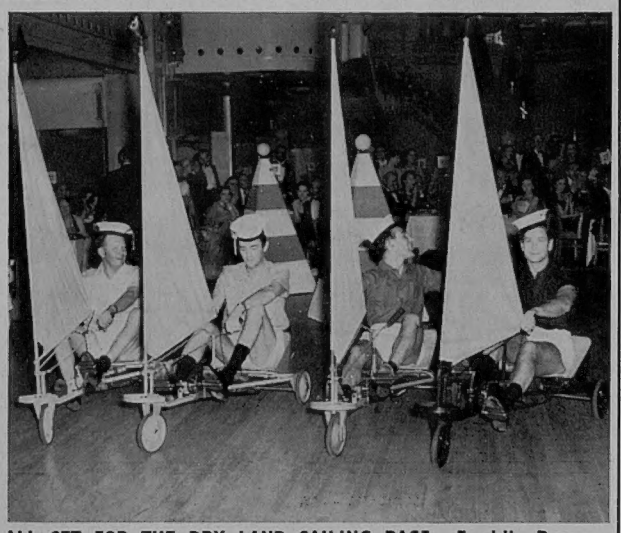
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

SIR WINSTON DISCOURSES ON MODERN ART—THE PRIME MINISTER ADDRESSING THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AT BURLINGTON HOUSE, WHEN HE WAS THE GUEST OF HONOUR: With five pictures on the line, Sir Winston was also present in his own right as a Royal Academician Extraordinary. About 200 members and guests sat down to dine in Gallery III, surrounded by the pictures displayed for the Summer Exhibition of 1953

The Royal Academy Banquet is always an event eagerly awaited not only by Academicians and their guests, but by the general public, which has in recent years been able to enjoy the feast of oratory over the radio, some of it of a distinctly bright and breezy character. This year there were two particular stars of the show, Sir Winston Churchill, who discoursed upon art, urging that the function of the Academy was to steer a middle course between tradition and innovation. "Without tradition, art is a flock of sheep without a shepherd," he said, and "without innovation it is a corpse." Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, the Minister of Defence, who, like Sir Winston Churchill, makes art his hobby and is exhibiting in this year's Academy, had a host of good stories to tell; while Sir Alan Herbert was also at his wittiest with a well-delivered attack on the entertainments tax. Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy, presided at this distinguished gathering, with the Archbishop of Canterbury on his immediate right and Lord Simonds, the Lord Chancellor, and Sir Winston Churchill as near neighbours.

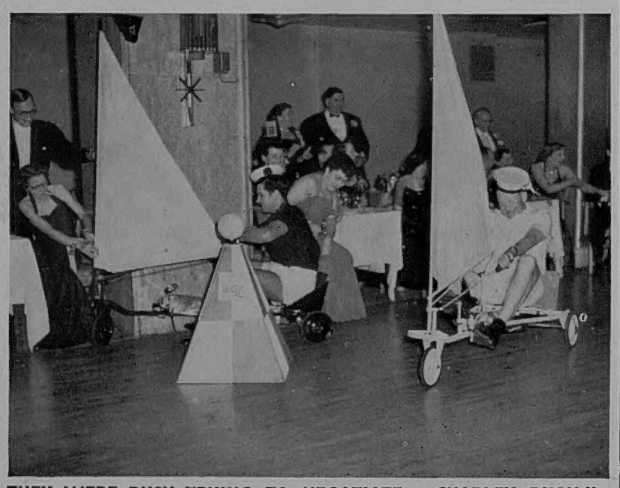
Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE LORD'S TAVERNERS AT PLAY



ALL SET FOR THE DRY LAND SAILING RACE: Freddie Brown, Northants and England cricketer, Gregory Peck, of film fame, Stirling Moss, fresh from his battle in the Mille Miglia, and Anthony Steel, who took part in the heats held on the dance floor at Grosvenor House in the course of the Lord's Taverners Ball, which was held once again in aid of the National Playing Fields Association.

On Monday, April 27, the Lord's Taverners held their third annual ball. On the first occasion, writes Uffa Fox, a guest of the Lord's Taverners, the setting was a cricket match. On the second occasion the Oxford and Cambridge crews raced each other in cunningly contrived boats on the dance floor, while this year the Lord's Taverners, possibly thinking of their twelfth man, the Duke of Edinburgh, instituted a most elaborate sailing race in which Denis Compton, Jack Hawkins, Uffa Fox and Stirling Moss were among those who negotiated the hazards of the course. It should be explained that the Lord's Taverners are a collection of cheerful people who formed their club at the Tavern at Lord's. They like three things—cricket, the arts and raising money for the National Playing Fields Association. Before last week's ball they had raised over £2,250 in three years. Sometimes the Lord's Taverners play real, straightforward cricket matches, and this has been one of their several excellent ways of raising money for good causes.



THEY WERE BUSY TRYING TO NEGOTIATE "CHARLEY BUOY": Anthony Steel's land yacht rounding the buoy, not without difficulty, and all-England cricketer Freddie Brown pedalling up to the mark. The final was won by Jack Hawkins.

DINING AT THE LORD'S TAVERNERS BALL: Mr. P. Kennedy, Mrs. George Barnard, Miss Pauline Black and Mr. C. Donovan.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

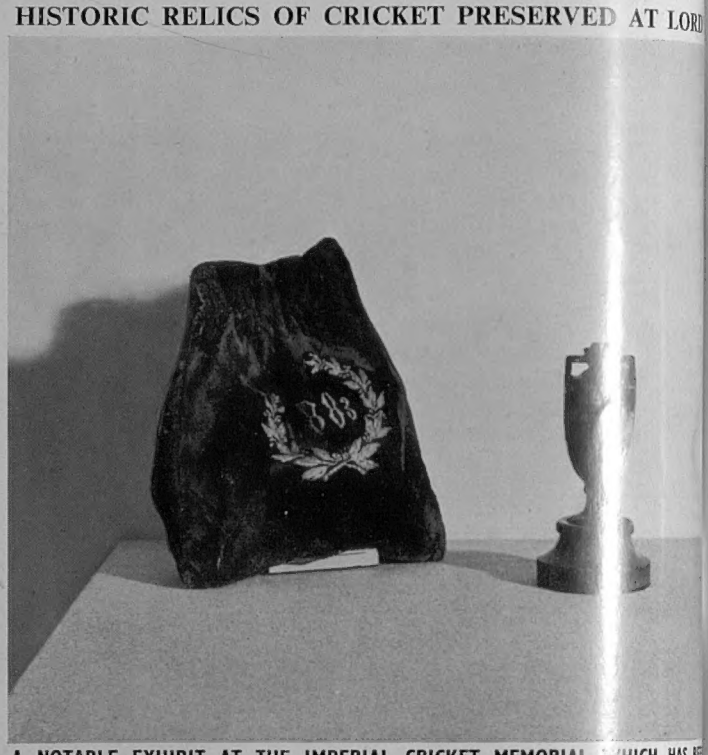
S.E. Asia—A New Danger.—Just at the moment when Hope (perhaps too optimistically) raised her head again that an adequate peace might yet be secured in Korea, a new peril in S.E. Asia bulks suddenly large. The old technique of Communist infiltration is seen in a new area. Since the resumption of negotiations in Korea, a mighty force of Viet-Minh rebels have overrun a great part of northern Laos, a State which, with Cambodia and Viet-nam, makes up Indo-China, thus getting behind and between the dispersed French strong-points in that area. There is the same evidence, too, of the help in war material given to the rebels by Communist China and every reason to believe that active encouragement goes with these supplies. The implication in this sinister move is that, if Laos fall to the rebels and a Communist regime is established there, there would be, for political and military purposes, a corridor between Communist China and Siam itself, militarily outflanking the forces of resistance, politically opening a free passage for infiltration southward to the Gulf of Siam. Such a prospect is still no doubt distant. The seasons interrupt military activities, and even firm suspicions are not proofs. But Malaya sprawls south of the Gulf, and with all those areas in the East in ferment, it is not far-fetched to quote from *Macbeth*, "making the green one red." Peace in Korea is infinitely desirable, but peace in one place is hardly bought if it intensifies war in another. The Far Eastern coat is very tattered, and a patch here may pull a gaping hole there. Even the patch is still to be sewn on in Korea. We plough an endless furrow.

The Abbey Tries Again.—The great appeal for £1,000,000 for the preservation, let alone the restoration and upkeep, of Westminster Abbey was launched just before the great flood disasters, and on that account was still-born. Even so, the little trickle that has come in so far is more than disappointing. It is unbelievable. For the Abbey *is* England—a thousand years of English history; its site was old and famous 900 years ago when the Confessor founded his Abbey on the older Saxon buildings on that marshy ground. Here since 1066 our sovereigns have been crowned, and here in a few weeks the most notable of all these coronations will take place. And the Abbey is crumbling away before our eyes. Our national shrine is falling to pieces while we spend uncountable millions every year on football pools, betting, drink and tobacco. The second appeal fell on St. George's Day, England's day, Shakespeare's Day, Zeebrugge Day, the sweet of the year, the day of Saints and heroes and national genius. And just as on that day the English countryside told, without chosen phrases, the "secret none can utter" of England's greatness and glory, so from the Abbey went forth a sermon in stone as persuasive on the same theme. I simply cannot believe that this second attempt will fail to bring in all that is asked—a bare minimum and a positively humble plea—and bring it quickly with a margin. A shilling a head from half the population of this small island alone would do the trick. The Commonwealth and America are rich and generous. We are asking ourselves just now whether the Communists are *sincere* in a newly-expressed desire to preserve what remains of international civilisation and culture. Are we in a few months' time to question our own sincerity in our lip-service to our own national greatness and glory? "Death or Westminster Abbey," was the battle-cry once. In this year of years, is the nice question: "A couple of fags or Westminster Abbey"?

All Fair In War?—In broadcast and leaflets, the United Nations Command has offered substantial bribes to enemy pilots of MIG 15 jets. The first pilot to land his plane in Allied territory will receive £35,000 and political asylum and other benefits. Other pilots will be handsomely compensated for the same job. This action in the name of the U.N. troubles me in my ignorance. Is *all* fair in war? There is precedent, of course, for leaflets and broadcasts inviting enemies to come over and taste real freedom, or for loyal men to break away from mutineers and join the loyal crew aft. But an invitation to bring stolen property with them has a smack of compounding a felony or inciting to crime. Moreover, to bribe a man to sell his own side does not look like cricket. I know so little of baseball that I cannot say if it is good baseball. No British newspaper I have seen has shared my doubts. It passes without adverse comment. Yet it is hardly hi to produce a friendlier atmosphere at truce talks, is it a Roland for an Olive-branch. I could wish offer had been made in the name of the respons American General and not in that of the U.N. Comma and that it had not been sent out in the Russian l guage. There have been faint hopes of better mann and civilised behaviour creeping back into in national relations at last, and I very much do if this bribe is civilised behaviour, even if fair in w If the North Koreans made it to our men, we sho laugh to scorn the possibility of any U.N. pilot acce ing thirty pieces of silver, and we shall be humili indeed if the enemy pilots reject this huge bribe treachery to their side. I don't like it at all. I probably in a minority of one (a Blimp). It i cricket; and if it *is* baseball, it is base.

National Service and Education.—To judge by the soaring rates and the superb a secondary schools, we are doing our damnedest national education. It is unfortunately still a lo term investment, if evidence from the Army is cr section testing. And it certainly is so. Betwe May and August 1952 the intake of National Service was 45,000. Of those, 10,000 were classed as backw or illiterate. We have some terrible evidence fo 1951 of what "backward" means. It is far be the standard of an average child of ten. We kn that many of these recruits had "never heard Jesus Christ." We know that many could ban sign their names. Quite a number could not do ev that. The elementary arithmetical and verbal te applied would be elementary in the nursery. Natura the Scottish recruits show up best. The darkest sp is Wales . . . and in England, Norfolk, where 38 p cent of "backwards" was reached. The nature o modern war and its weapons requires education a a higher scale than ever before. A knowledge signalling, for example, is desirable in every soldi The simplest explanation of a modern weapon war demands a mind trained up to the comprehensi of simple sentences and to the ability to memorise a arrange new facts in some sort of order. The appalli statistics revealed in this survey mean that a quart of our National Servicemen—the stuffing of our army must merely be wasting the time of their instructo and of the money spent on training them to the po of real efficiency. It is terrible indeed to think th the bowmen of Crecy were educationally bett equipped to attain full efficiency in their functions a weapons than 25 per cent. of our recruits to-da One more example of how science outruns th education needed to turn it to good account.

HISTORIC RELICS OF CRICKET PRESERVED AT LORD



A NOTABLE EXHIBIT AT THE IMPERIAL CRICKET MEMORIAL WHICH HAS BE ERECTED AT LORD'S TO COMMEMORATE CRICKETERS WHO DIED IN TH WORLD WARS: This is the original urn that contained the ash presented to Ivo Bligh during the successful tour of the English team t Australia in 1882-83. The opening of the memorial, consisting of a picture gallery and library, was performed by the Duke of Edinburgh i the presence of High Commissioners of Commonwealth countries, repr sentatives of cricket organisations, members of the Australian team wh in England, and the Duke of Beaufort (M.C.C. President). The building the cost of which was borne by the M.C.C. and by the respon of an appeal to cricket clubs, was dedicated by the Bishop of Londo

The Long Barrow Boys.—It is deplorable that the Long Barrow on Manton Down—4,000-year-old document of our history—has been destroyed. One's first reaction is blindly to trounce the vandal responsible. But the suspected vandal has apparently a reasonable case in his defence. The Barrow has been scheduled as an ancient monument since 19[illegible]. It stood in an enclosure, overgrown with thorn-bush

and infested with rabbits. The surrounding acres were bought by a farmer-trainer in 1947, and he leased the portion round the Barrow to another farmer, who, with the knowledge and support of the local A.E.C., planned to plough for corn and prepared the ground with a bulldozer. The lessee had no knowledge of any "Barrow." "What are Keats?" said a Judge. "What is a Barrow, anyway, except to move muck from a stable?" might say many a trainer or farmer. One well-known trainer was once persuaded to take a holiday and see Rome. On his return, a crony in his "local" asked him how he had enjoyed himself. "Rome," he said, "you can *'ave* Rome." The Ancient Monuments Department of the Ministry of Works take a serious view. There is no excuse, they say, for ignorance on the part of any landowner that his land contains a scheduled monument. From what I know of Government Departments, working in watertight compartments, I doubt that. I think landowner and lessee, concerned more with food-raising and horse-breeding, might well remain ignorant of archæological features on the land they work. The A.E.C. at any rate seemed to be ignorant of the work of the A.M.D. of M.W., and Nature had helped to obliterate that work of preservation. I cannot bring myself to cry "scandal" and "vandal" until I know that the Barrow boys were not at fault. The Wiltshire A.E.C. officer later inspected the Barrow site and announced that the A.E.C. was in no way associated with the destruction. An ancient monument can only be preserved if it is kept in a state of preservation.

"To Those Who Wait."—The processional route in London is now totally lined with timber as was old London before the Great Fire, and if the carpenters don't down tools for a £45 bonus per man, the good work will proceed apace. One would suppose that there was accommodation for all who have faith in the weather and endurance for the stresses of a long summer day. But up to quite recently, the attainment of a seat depended on a third virtue—a long purse. Now the Agony Column of *The Times* and other evidence suggests that the bulls are rushing to cover, and that those who paid £50–£25 for a seat may find themselves cheek by jowl with "inferior" late-comers who pay no more than £10. These earlier pioneers will sorrowfully puzzle over the Parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard. The Agony Column has for a long time puzzled me. £30 is a lot to pay for a foot of space on a plank for a chancy view after an endless wait of what will be a wonderful and glorious spectacle if the weather smiles. But why do so many of the promoters offer unlimited champagne, which is heady stuff at midday even on a chilly day, and must surely increase the already heavy price for 12 ins. of space? This amenity must help our gallant allies, the French, but I doubt if it will largely add to the delights of June 2 for the spectators, many of whom are probably unused to this expensive wine, and will either over-indulge in a first experience with humiliating and undesirable consequences on a very solemn day, or else will lose by prudence part of the amenities for which they have paid so high. The problem of the labourers in the vineyards of Champagne will be eased by the Coronation, but on the stands and in the windows pioneers and late-comers will not see eye to eye about it.

A Dry Summer?—We average about 36 ins. rain a year in my part of Britain; 40 ins. is not abnormal; 30 ins. would be abnormally dry. The first four months of 1953—usually wet months—have given us 4.61 ins. of rain in all. Multiply by three (which would be a reasonable computation of a year's total, since most of the "dry" months lie ahead) and we should get an annual estimate of well under 15 ins., less than half an abnormally low year's total! That suggests that "Jupiter Pluvius" is storing up trouble for us, and fun for the waterproof and umbrella makers some time this year. "It all averages up," as the farmers say, still cheerful with favourable conditions since Christmas. But it doesn't always average up between January and December. We have drought years and wet years. This may be a drought year, I think it will be; but we shan't get off with only 15 ins. or even 25 ins. Nor would it be desirable for our food problems. We have at least 20 ins. of rain ahead of us before next Christmas, and that means some wet months in summer or autumn. Jupiter would not dare to produce rain on June 2, but there is also great need of fine weather on both sides of "C" day, and open-air fixtures of Coronation importance, cricket, polo, garden parties and outdoor functions of every kind, which cry out for blue skies. Jupiter Pluvius must so order things that the water-can works all night (which it always ought to do) or else ordain that 1953 shall be a record dry year.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PARIS IN THE SPRING

By George Slocombe

THE SWINTON EARLY-MORNING DISASTER RESEMBLES AN AIR-RAID INCIDENT

FIVE PERSONS DIE AS THREE HOUSES FALL INTO A RAILWAY TUNNEL KNOWN AS "BLACK HARRY," AT SWINTON, NEAR MANCHESTER, LANCASHIRE: Firemen, police and workmen search for the victims of the three semi-detached houses which collapsed into the railway tunnel above which they were built. Hundreds of tons of debris fell through a 12-ft. hole into the tunnel, the subsidence occurring at about 5.30 a.m. When the rescue services arrived at the scene of the accident the site resembled the aftermath of an air raid.

At about 5.30 one morning last week, when residents of Temple Drive, Swinton, Lancashire, were still in their beds, there was a subsidence followed by a rumble and two houses collapsed at the centre and disappeared into a tunnel, blocking it completely; a neighbouring house then fell on top of the debris. The tunnel, known as "Black Harry," is 1¼ miles long and connects Patricroft with Clifton Junction. Recently it has been used only for goods traffic but has been shut for about two weeks. It was built of brick in 1850, 58 ft. beneath the surface, and was used as an ammunition dump during the war. Five persons were killed as a result of the subsidence, and two elderly ladies were rescued from the debris of the third house. The eldest of the casualties was aged eighty-seven. As a precautionary measure residents of adjoining houses were evacuated, and although the wall of one house did begin to crack, it was thought that there was little danger of a further subsidence. Rescue workers were soon digging for the casualties, and as the picture reproduced above shows, the scene closely resembled the aftermath of a bombing raid. Later it was announced that an inquiry would be held by the London Midland Region.

A NEW PLEASURE FOR LONDONERS AT RICHMOND PARK

THE NEW WOODLAND WALK IN THE ROYAL PARK, WHICH IS NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC: The Isabella Plantation, situated in the southern part of the Park, provides, with its new woodland walk, a quiet, restful and colourful garden for the public. It is considered one of the best and most secluded of the several plantations and consists largely of oak and birch, and an undergrowth of bracken. A stream, along which are planted flowers, runs through it and rhododendrons of many varieties form the main feature of the floral display, which also includes woodland shrubs and trees in botanically-linked groups. Choice of colour has been a deciding factor in the construction of the garden, and seats have been erected at various places. Another innovation at Richmond Park (and illustrated in a recent issue of "The Sphere") is the newly-opened restaurant at Pembroke Lodge, the handsome Regency House lying half-a-mile inside Richmond Gate. In fine weather refreshments are being served in the garden. Elsewhere in Richmond Park the two golf courses have been fully prepared for the summer.

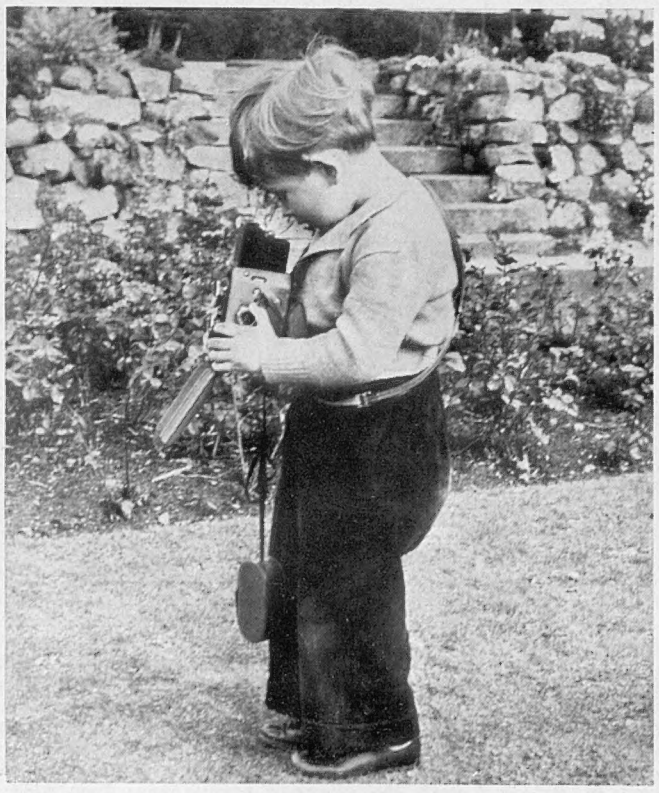
From the QUEEN'S FAMILY ALBUM

Her Majesty with the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne During a Holiday at Balmoral

THE QUEEN AND HER CHILDREN PROVIDE SOME ENTERTAINING SNAPSHOTS : *Left*—Prince Charles climbs up the wall towards a window, and his mother is there to lend a helping hand if necessary. *Right*—Prince Charles has made his climb. Now he watches Princess Anne.

OUT IN THE GROUNDS WITH A TOY CAR AND PRAM : Prince Charles and Princess Anne playing together at Balmoral. *Below, on right*—All together ; the Queen with the Prince and Princess and their corgi.

IN THE END BIG BROTHER TAKES A HAND : Prince Charles helps to push Princess Anne to safety in the arms of her mother, the wall well and truly negotiated. Princess Anne will celebrate her third birthday on August 15. Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, is in his fifth year. His birthday is on November 14.



On right—

PRINCE CHARLES TRIES HIS HAND WITH A CAMERA : The Prince has reached the age when everything of a mechanical nature is of boundless interest, demanding instant investigation and, needless to say, the minimum of outside aid.

IRAQ'S NEW KING TAKES THE ROYAL OATH AND ASSUMES THE ROYAL PREROGATIVES : King Feisal II, wearing the uniform of a Field-Marshal, seen in the Parliament House at Bagdad during the impressive ceremony. "With God's will, your co-operation and that of my noble people, I shall be a constitutional monarch and safeguard democratic principles," declared the eighteen-year-old King. Standing beside King Feisal is the former Regent of Iraq, the Emir Abdul Illah, to whom the King paid a glowing tribute for his work during the past fourteen years.

KING FEISAL II TAKES THE ROYAL OATH

The Duke of Gloucester Attends the Celebrations in Bagdad

Last week-end King Feisal II was enthroned as the third reigning monarch of modern Iraq. Before the two houses of Parliament in joint session, he swore to obey the Constitution of his country, and a salvo of 101 guns in Bagdad marked his inauguration. It was his eighteenth birthday, and all who saw the young King remarked on his quiet and dignified demeanour.

King Feisal, a former Harrow schoolboy, became King when he was not yet four years old, his father, son of King Feisal I, having lost his life in tragic circumstances. Among the King's personal guests for the four days of festivities were four of his former schoolfellows at Harrow, his governess and his housekeeper, and the British policeman who was attached to his home during his five years' stay in Britain.

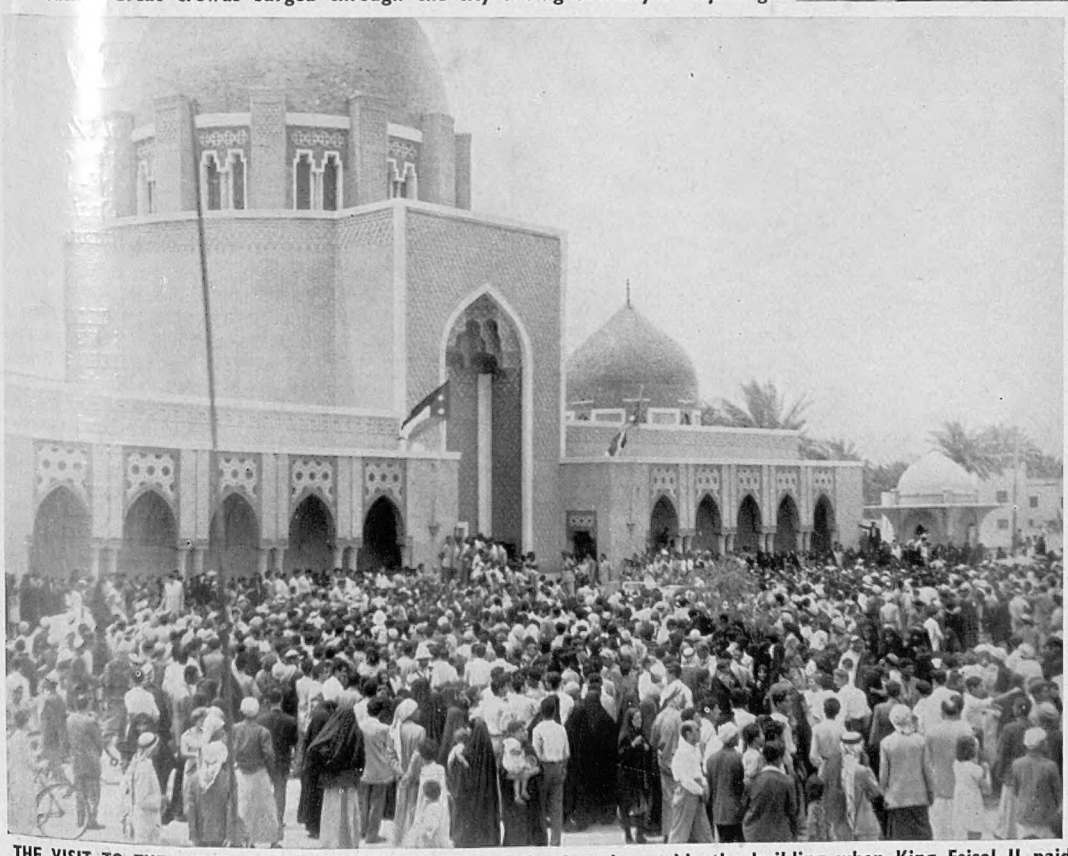
In his speech in the Parliament House the young King paid tribute to his uncle, the former Regent, who, he said, bore his responsibilities with great wisdom and ability through many stormy days, during fourteen years.

After the oath-taking the King drove to the Royal mausoleum to pay tribute to his father, and then to the Palace amid scenes of great excitement. Despite the mounted bodyguard and motor-cycle policemen who accompanied the Royal coach, crowds swarmed around cheering, weeping and throwing roses at their monarch.

On the day following the oath-taking the King took the salute at a military parade in Bagdad. The parade was eight miles long and took two-and-three-quarter hours to pass the saluting base. It included Churchill tanks, which rumbled past as aircraft flew overhead Once again public enthusiasm was tremendous.

TAKING THE SALUTE OUTSIDE PARLIAMENT IN BAGDAD : The former Regent, the Emir Abdul Illah, and King Feisal, after the latter had taken the Royal oath. Great crowds surged through the city during this day of rejoicing.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AMONG THE FOREIGN DELEGATES WHO BROUGHT FELICITATIONS TO KING FEISAL II : The Duke seated in the Royal pavilion in company with the Crown Prince of Saudi-Arabia and the Duke of Harar.



THE VISIT TO THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM IN BAGDAD : *Left*—Crowds outside the building when King Feisal II paid a visit after taking the Royal oath. *Right*—The King placing a wreath on the tomb of his father, King Ghazi. King Ghazi was killed in a road accident. Since then Iraq has been ruled by the Regent, the young King's uncle.

THE CLOSING STAGES OF THE CUP FINAL AT WEMBLEY: Perry, Blackpool's outside-left, scores the winning goal from a perfect pass from Stanley Matthews (seen extreme left, sitting on the ground), who did so much towards Blackpool's victory of 4—3 over Bolton Wanderers. Perry can be seen on the right of the picture, with arms outstretched, and Mortensen, who scored two of Blackpool's goals, is in the centre.

The 1953 Cup Final at Wembley Stadium will be remembered as one of the most dramatic games ever played there, for during the closing stages of the game Blackpool, who were at one time losing by 2 goals, triumphed over Bolton Wanderers and won by 4 goals to 3. Blackpool's victory was due largely to the efforts of Stanley Matthews who, within the last twenty-five minutes of the game, effected such a magnificent revival in the Blackpool team. The score at half-time was 2—1, with Bolton in the lead, rising after ten minutes of the second half to 3—1. It was then that Matthews came into his own and demonstrated his mastery of the game. Within a few minutes Blackpool scored their first goal of the second half, Mortensen, the centre-forward, forcing the ball home after a very determined attack. Shortly afterwards Mortensen scored again from a free kick and the reckoning was level. All seemed set for a draw, but again Matthews took the lead and paved the way for Perry to score the winning goal. Almost immediately the game was finished, and Matthews and his captain were being carried off shoulder-high to receive the cup. 100,000 people watched the game and the receipts were £49,900, a British record.

BLACKPOOL, CUP FINALISTS FOR THE THIRD TIME IN SIX YEARS, WIN THE TROPHY FOR THE FIRST TIME: Watched by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen presents the F.A. Cup to Harry Johnston, the Blackpool captain. It was also the first time that Stanley Matthews, Blackpool's outside-right, received a cup-winner's medal. 100,000 people watched the match, the biggest crowd to be present at the F.A. Cup Final since the record year in 1[illegible]

HIGHLIGHTS OF HOME EVENTS

The F.A. Cup Final at Wembley; The Duke of Edinburgh at Chester; British Prisoners-of-war Return Home; General Speidel Inspects British Armaments

On left—

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH RECEIVING AN ENTH[illegible] SIASTIC WELCOME AS HE DROVE THROU[illegible] THE STREETS OF CHESTER: Prince Philip, seen on his way to Hoole, where he ope[illegible] the Coronation gates of the playing-field. H[illegible] was accompanied by Lord Leverhulme, L[illegible] Lieutenant of Cheshire. This was one of [illegible] Duke of Edinburgh's many engagement[illegible] during a lightning tour of Flintshire a[illegible] Cheshire. The Duke arrived at Harwarden [illegible] air from Windsor, and his first engagement w[illegible] a visit to the steelworks of John Summ[illegible] and Sons at Shotton, where he was conduct[illegible] round the buildings by Brigadier H. S. M[illegible] waring, Lord Lieutenant of Flintshire. A[illegible] driving along ten miles of factory ro[illegible] which were bedecked with flags and throng[illegible] with many of the 7,000 employees, the D[illegible] saw a new blast furnace in action. The furn[illegible] is 240 ft. high, the biggest in Britain, a[illegible] with suitable raw materials it could produ[illegible] more than 1,000 tons of iron a day. A[illegible] his tour of the works, Prince Philip w[illegible] entertained at a luncheon, where he spo[illegible] of the tremendous national importance o[illegible] steel, the very basis of Britain's industri[illegible] power. (See also page 243 of this issue.)

BRITISH PRISONERS-OF-WAR RETURN FROM KOREA—STRETCHER CASES IN THE HASTINGS AIRCRAFT THAT BROUGHT THE FIRST TWENTY-TWO BACK TO ENGLAND: They landed on May 1 at the R.A.F. Airport of Lyneham, on the Wiltshire Downs. Eleven of the twenty-two are men of the Gloucestershire Regiment, survivors of the regiment's historic stand at the Imjin River in April 1951. The large crowd waiting at the airport to greet them broke into tumultuous cheering when the Hastings came to a standstill, and as the first of the men walked out of the plane, relatives and friends broke through the barrier to greet them. Afterwards the men were taken to the station sick bay for a medical examination before rejoining their families. Meanwhile, in Korea new difficulties have arisen at Panmunjom between United Nations and Communist delegates negotiating for the release of more prisoners-of-war.

FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WATCHING ANXIOUSLY AS A FREED PRISONER FROM KOREA IS BROUGHT OUT OF THE AIRCRAFT ON A STRETCHER: He was one of the twenty-two ex-prisoners-of-war landed at Lyneham last week-end, after being flown home from Korea. None of the men had tales of cruelty to tell. There was no barbed wire around their prison camps, they said, and the armed guards "weren't bad chaps at all."

GENERAL HANS SPEIDEL WATCHING A MILITARY DEMONSTRATION AT LULWORTH, DORSET: General Speidel, wearing civilian clothes, is seated next to General Sir Kenneth Crawford, Controller of Supplies (Munitions) Ministry of Supply.

ONE OF THE CENTURION TANKS WHICH ROMMEL'S FORMER CHIEF OF STAFF, GENERAL SPEIDEL, WATCHED IN ACTION LAST WEEK-END: This Centurion is fitted with a trailer tank, carrying an additional 200 gallons of petrol. It doubles the tank's range to 162 miles on roads and over 80 miles across country.

On right—

DELEGATES FROM THE EUROPEAN DEFENCE COMMUNITY, INCLUDING GENERAL SPEIDEL, WATCHING STAR SMOKE SHELLS EXPLODING AT LULWORTH: General Speidel, who was Rommel's Chief of Staff during the last war, saw a demonstration of infantry weapons, including the Patchett machine carbine (which is to replace the Sten gun), a 17-pounder anti-tank gun and an anti-tank flame thrower, as well as Britain's latest tanks. Afterwards he inspected a Centurion tank and said it impressed him very much. In the House of Commons vigorous protests were made against General Speidel's visits to British arms establishments. Sir Winston Churchill replied that the representatives had been invited to attend special demonstrations in Army establishments and the R.A.F. establishment at Farnborough. He did not know any reason why the former Chief of Staff of Field-Marshal Rommel should be under "any exceptional disability."

MAY DAY

IN SUNSHINE AND RAIN WORKERS IN LONDON AND OTHER CAPITALS CELEBRATE THEIR DAY OF UNITY

NEW YORK—PAUL ROBESON LETS RIP ON MAY DAY: The celebrated singer addressing a crowd gathered in Union Square, New York City, and in the background a huge poster showing Malenkov shaking hands with President Eisenhower. This rally was permitted by the police after they had refused to grant a permit for the usual march.

LONDON—THE VAST GATHERING OF LABOUR SUPPORTERS IN HYDE PARK AFTER THE MEMBERS OF THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE TRADE UNIONS HAD MARCHED 8,000 STRONG FROM THE THAMES EMBANKMENT VIA KINGSWAY AND NEW OXFORD STREET: The London rally was the first big rally since the war, and in brilliant sunshine the representatives of the London parties and of the Unions marched six abreast from the rallying point to the meeting, with bands heading each section of the procession.

PARIS—FRENCH WORKERS PARADE IN THE FAUBOURG ST. ANTOINE: Demonstrators on their way to the Bastille, where speeches were made from the monument. *On right*—BRUSSELS—MARCHING SIXTEEN ABREAST: The May Day demonstrators arriving at the Place de Brouekers. While Paris had a day of rain, Brussels enjoyed sunshine for the big parade.

ROME—GIUSEPPE DI VITTORIO ADDRESSES THE MAY DAY RALLY: The Communist Secretary-General of the Italian General Confederation of Workers delivering an impassioned speech during the rally in the Piazza del Popolo. It was one of the biggest gatherings of its kind since the war, with every corner of the Piazza occupied.

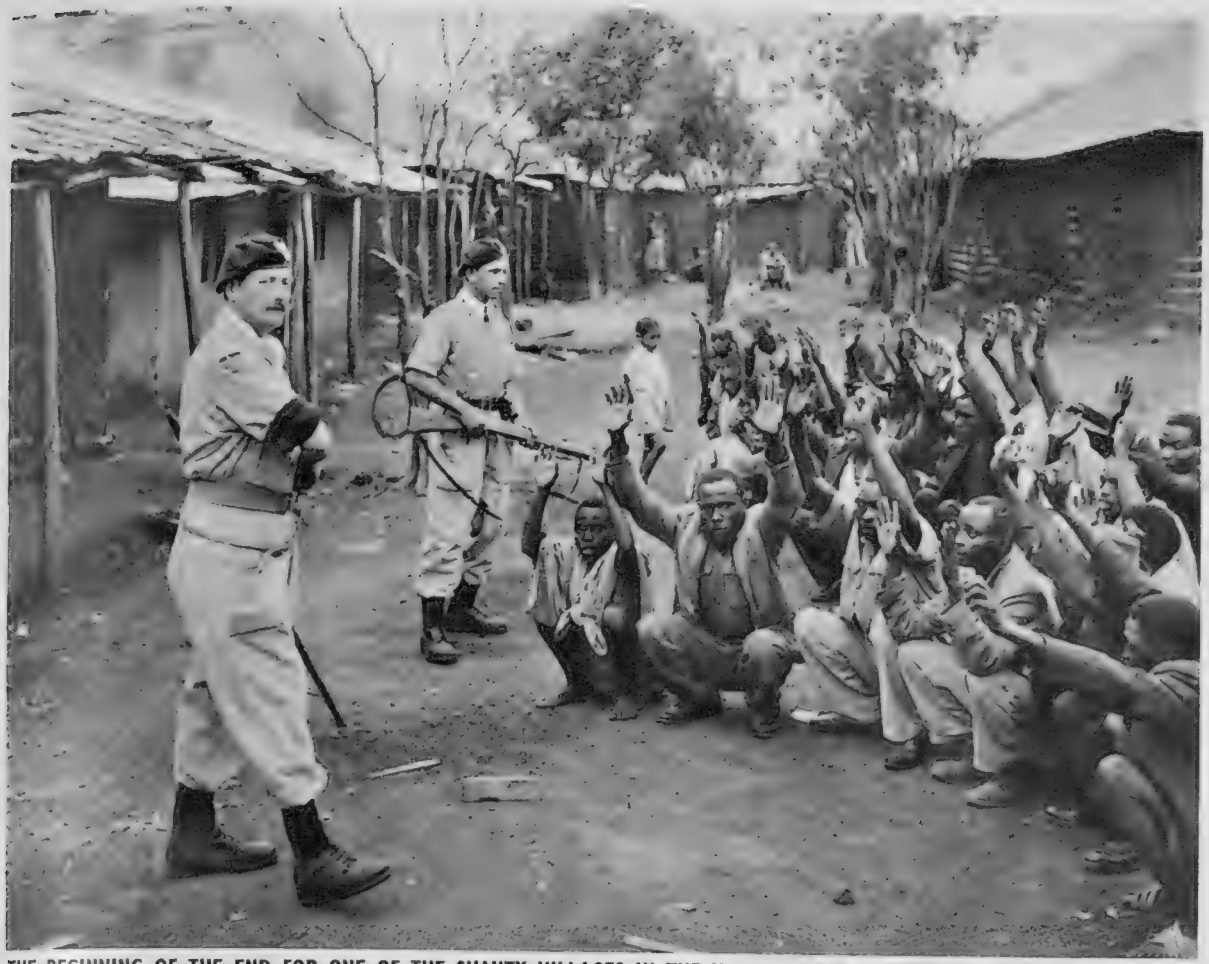
BERLIN—THE HEAD WIND BAFFLED THE BIRDS: Doves are seen fluttering above the crowd after being released during the West Berlin May Day Rally, held on the Platz der Republik. It was hoped to send them flying over the East Berlin Communist Rally, less than a mile away, but a head wind proved too strong.

THE BATTLE RAGES IN KENYA

Police and Military Raze the Nairobi Villages, and the Mau Mau Continue Their Murderous Attacks

The House of Commons was glad to hear last week from the Colonial Minister, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, that he intended to pay an early visit to Kenya to consult with the Governor and to view matters again at first hand.

Since the Minister was last in the colony a great deal has happened on both sides. The Mau Mau depredations have increased, if anything, the gangsters showing the mobility of well-trained Commando troops and utter ruthlessness in all their operations. Meanwhile, the visit to Kenya of Sir Percy Sillitoe, the head of M.I.5, has had a marked bearing on Governmental tactics, particularly round Nairobi, where the shanty villages have been laid waste by bulldozers. Mr. A. F. Macdonald, one of the senior M.I.5 officers who accompanied Sir Percy and who has been seconded to the Kenya Government to carry out special branch reorganisation, has been in charge of this shanty operation. A typical example of the technique against Mau Mau was demonstrated recently when troops and police maintained a strong cordon around two settlements in the river valley adjoining the R.A.F. station at Eastleigh, on the outskirts of Nairobi, while bulldozers went in and destroyed the mud-and-wattle huts. The inhabitants had previously been evacuated. Police said that during this operation several score of suspected Mau Mau supporters had been captured in the settlement; that 500 others had been detained for investigation, and 800 were to be charged for being without proper documents of identification.



THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR ONE OF THE SHANTY VILLAGES IN THE VICINITY OF NAIROBI: Troops keeping guard over villagers after they had been rounded up prior to the demolition of their homes with the aid of bulldozers. Some of the villagers were moved back to the Kikuyu Reserve and some detained in compounds for screening. The evacuation and the subsequent destruction of these shanty villages, which were in the first place erected unlawfully, has been carried out in order to eliminate hotbeds of Mau Mau resistance. It is known that these villages have been centres of conspiracy.

THE MENFOLK OF KAROIBANGI VILLAGE ARE ROUNDED UP AND THE SCREENING PROCESS BEGINS: Standing before the villagers are loyal Kikuyu (wearing armlets), whose task it is to point out those villagers who are known to have had connections with the Mau Mau organisation at some time.

DISPLACED FROM A SHANTY VILLAGE NEAR NAIROBI: Women and children lining up to be seen by a policewoman reservist who returned them to the Kikuyu Reserve. Meanwhile the bulldozers got to work in the village.

THE SCENE OF A MURDEROUS ASSAULT AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT KENYA: *Left*—This house at Chehe Sawmill was raided by a gang of about twenty members of the Mau Mau, who murdered an Italian woman, Mrs. Nergena Meloncelli, and her two children. Her husband, who was working in the sawmill office, was fired upon when he went to investigate the shooting, but he managed to escape into the near-by forest. *Right*—The interior of the home which was wrecked by the Mau Mau gang.

SUTTON HARBOUR AND THE BARBICAN: Around this ancient inner harbour grew the town of Plymouth, and from its quiet waters has sailed many an expedition to further the maritime cause of England. The memorial on the quay in the right foreground commemorates the departure of the *Mayflower* from Sutton Harbour in 1620.

THE RISE OF THE NEW PLYMOUTH

The Mighty Weight of the Luftwaffe Was Hurled Against Her Night After Night, So That She Became Britain's Most Blitzed City; Now Twelve Years Later a Gracious New City Emerges

By W. BEST HARRIS, F.L.A.

(*City Librarian, Plymouth Public Libraries*)

WITH SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS BY JACK MERRIOTT, R.I.

Sir Francis Drake, aboard the "Elizabeth Bonaventure" on May 17, 1587, wrote to Lord Walsingham:—"There must be a beginning of any great matter, but the continuing unto the end until it be thoroughly finished yields the true glory." Those words have a special significance to-day as the new Plymouth begins to rise from the ashes of the old; for the picture is as yet far from complete, and the true glory, as envisaged in the plans of Mr. Paton Watson and Sir Patrick Abercrombie, will not be plain to see for several years. What has been done in and around Plymouth, Britain's worst blitzed city, is truly remarkable, however; as remarkable, perhaps, as what has been left undone in neighbouring Devonport, the western end of which still languishes in ruin, its rebuilding having been long delayed by the Admiralty plans for the extension of the dockyard. In the articles on this and succeeding pages, the City Librarian of Plymouth and the Bishop of Plymouth give their own individual accounts of the new city, while special photographs and the series of drawings by Jack Merriott, who visited Plymouth on behalf of THE SPHERE, *show the present appearance of this great centre of the West Country, which is so much in the forefront in the splendour and imaginativeness of its planning.*

SO many exciting things have started in Plymouth; maybe it is the setting out of an expedition to found an empire, or to help an empire founder, as happened in the days of the Armada, when Elizabeth I was on the Throne. Maybe it is the beginning of a great new industry, as when William Cookworthy, discoverer of the china clay deposits of Cornwall, commenced his Plymouth China Clay Works, making possible for the first time the manufacture of true porcelain in this country, and the later development of the export of china clay products. It has been the destiny of this city in the 900 years of its recorded history to play a great part in the affairs of our nation, and yet, strangely, it has always been a very formal, self-contained community, giving so much to others but drawing little from the world about it.

When Plymouth, with Hull, obtained a charter of incorporation in 1439 a great step forward occurred in the development of democratic local government in this country. Towns were being allowed to govern themselves freely for the first time. Plymouth was then one of the largest towns in Great Britain, with a thriving fishing industry and a useful export trade of cloth and wool to Europe. Hers were the trades which built for her the tradition of fighting merchant seamen which was to be sustained for hundreds of years. When the great struggle of the first Elizabethan era came, Plymouth sent her little ships and little men out to fight one-half the world and discover the other half. Without them the story of America would probably be vastly different from what it is to-day. They made the sailing of the *Mayflower* possible, and strangely enough, by accident, in 1620, Plymouth was the last port of call for that historic vessel before she sailed to found the New Plymouth across the Atlantic.

Loyal to a queen, Plymouth showed the deeply-rooted strength of its democratic tradition when in the 1640's it fought for Parliament against Charles I. Invested by his forces for over three years, the town and its people, in spite of dreadful sufferings, were never conquered. This single act of resistance alone probably did more to weaken Charles's cause than anything comparable in the course of the whole Civil War.

The eighteenth century saw the birth of the Great Royal Naval Dockyard, and with it the creation of the two satellite towns of Plymouth Dock—later named Devonport—and Stonehouse. These three towns grew side by side as quite independent authorities, until 1914, when they were amalgamated under the joint name of Plymouth.

This city of three towns was, as was inevitable in view of the age of one part of it and the comparative youth of the other, a mixture of architectural styles and municipal development which it seemed it would take centuries to mould into a coherent and uni[fied] entity. As with each previous war, so it happe[ned] with the First World War, and the large town w[hich] the amalgamation of 1914 had created, rapidly increa[sed] in size until by 1939 it had a population of 220,0[00]

And then, as if to prove that those who flou[rish] by the sword shall perish by the sword, came th[e] dire days of the '40's when the Luftwaffe singled h[im] out, night after night, to receive its cargoes of fire a[nd] explosive bombs. Plymouth became and remained th[e] most blitzed city in Great Britain. The hearts w[ere] torn out of the three shopping centres which it al[so] possessed. In a week all the major civic buildings w[ere] destroyed, and before the last bomb fell, 39 churche[s], 20 schools, 8 cinemas, 100 inns and nearly 4,000 hous[es] were totally destroyed, while another 19,000 houses w[ere] severely damaged. Practically every street in the ci[ty] acquired its war-time scars, and many were the fam[ilies] who grieved for the 1,300 civilians and an untold numb[er] of Service personnel who were killed during those days [of] terror. Plymouth by 1942 was gutted; its popula[tion] was nearly 50,000 less than it had been twelve mont[hs] before; its future was unknown and its proble[ms] seemed insuperable.

And then, while bombs were still falling and [fires] would have expected the city to be resting and lick[ing] its wounds, there came the call to plan a great n[ew] city upon the ruins of the old. The City Counc[il] with Lord Astor as the Lord Mayor, called upon [the] City Engineer, Mr. J. Paton Watson, in consultati[on] with Sir Patrick Abercrombie, to prepare a report on [the] problems facing the rebirth of Plymouth. From t[his] report there came, in published form, the now wor[ld] famous Plan for Plymouth 1943. Here was a plan wh[ich] offered to solve not merely the problem of replacin[g] that which was destroyed, but which seized the oppo[r]tunity of welding the three towns truly into one w[ell] designed whole, while at the same time it provided [a] planning policy which would permit Plymouth to deve[lop]

PLYMOUTH HOE: In the left foreground is a small part of the seventeenth-century Citadel which dominates the town and inner harbour. Smeaton Tower, seen towards the right of the picture, stood as a lighthouse for well over 100 years on the Eddystone reef, and was taken down and rebuilt on the Hoe when it was found that the rock on which it was standing was being undermined by the action of the sea. During the war the lighthouse was used as a look-out for submarines. Drake's Island, in the middle distance, stands as a placid sentinel across the entrance to the naval anchorage of the Hamoaze and the Royal Naval Dockyard.

logically and with beauty for hundreds of years to come. The plan was adopted, and the Council resolved to proceed to implement it at the earliest possible moment.

More than a resolution of the Council and a plan on paper, however, were needed to bring into being the new Plymouth.

First of all, the massive problem of ownership of the land in the new city centre had to be resolved. No great city could be completely remoulded unless it had the authority to override the inevitable and quite often reasonable objections of some of those who owned sites in the planning areas.

However, the plan, which was considered too grandiose by some, definitely captured the imagination of the vast majority of the citizens, and when opportunity to object to replanning was provided, it was used only by a small minority.

Then there was the need for help with the enormous financial burdens which the replanning and rebuilding would entail. Finally, there had to be faced the physical act of reconstruction involving huge masses of men and materials.

In 1944 the first Town and Country Planning Act was passed to legislate for the compulsory purchase of blitzed areas by local authorities. The financial provisions of the 1944 Act, however, were quite inadequate, and another Act had to be passed in 1947 amending the all-important financial provisions affecting blitzed cities. The plan was prepared, the Acts were passed and now came the great pioneer work of interpreting the massive legislative and financial problems of reconstruction on a huge scale. Once again Plymouth, led by the Town Clerk, Sir Colin Campbell, O.B.E., backed by a far-sighted City Council, explored the unknown seas which those who wished to venture upon the voyage of reconstruction had to face. Her course was set, her compass true and her crew were in stout heart. The good ship Resurgam was launched, and Plymouth is fairly set upon her adventurous voyage.

As the tangle of legislation and finance was resolved, the sound of the bulldozers and giant cranes could be heard. Thousands of men and millions of money were poured into the mould. Speedily and determinedly, roads, like shafts of light, were driven through the darkness of the ruins. At the end of 1947 King George VI and Queen Elizabeth came to open the first great axis, the east-west road, which ploughed its 1,500-ft. length through the wastes of what remained of the old city centre. From that day on, the plan began to unfold itself with remarkable speed.

Reconstruction in the city centre is based upon two great thoroughfares, the one, Royal Parade, the first to be constructed, the other, Armada Way, a magnificent avenue which when completed will sweep, with a majestic use of contours, a length of 3,000 ft. from the Central (North Road) Station, cutting Royal Parade at right-angles, and concluding on Plymouth Hoe.

BUSY DAYS IN NEW GEORGE STREET: Here new building goes hand-in-hand with demolition of blitzed property as yet another road is driven through the ruins and remnants of the old shopping centre of Plymouth. The rebuilding of the centre of the city has gone hand-in-hand with the development of the residential areas, particularly as regards roads.

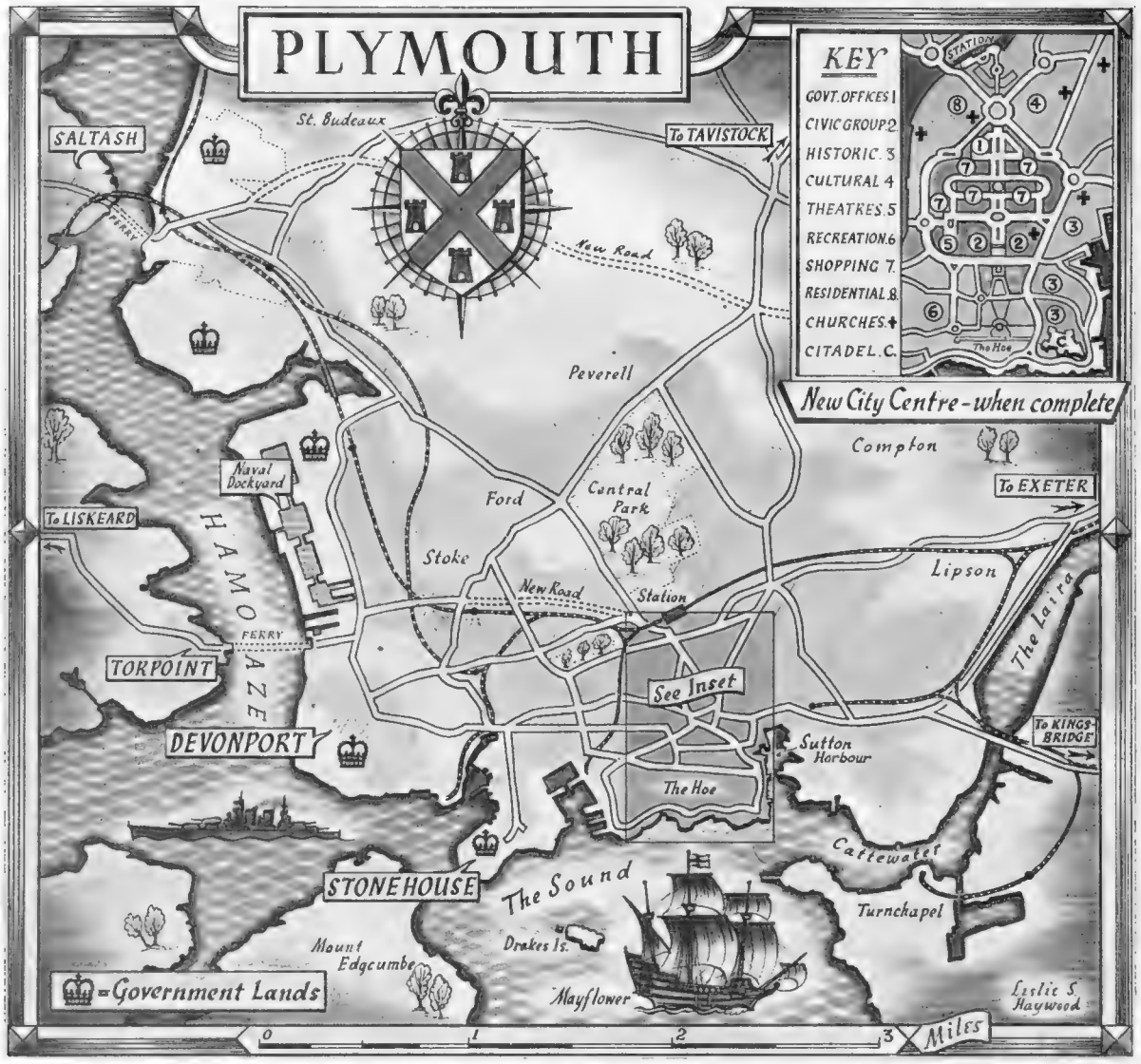
Already great new stores, shops and office blocks to the value of £2,500,000 have been erected, while a further £1,400,000 worth are now under construction. The Estates and Development officer, Mr. W. R. Shepherd, is also holding sites for another £1,250,000 worth of buildings which only require licences in order to enable work to proceed. And beyond that again, plans for several millions of pounds worth of new building are in course of preparation.

All this, however, represents only one facet of the coming into being of the plan for Plymouth. Two other major developments had to be catered for—rehousing and industrial extension. To meet the vast housing needs of the present and immediate future the city had to erect at least 15,000 houses. Again the maximum use is being made of the skill of the architect and planner. Each new estate is being designed as a self-contained community surrounded with its own green belt and preserving as far as possible the more valuable natural and historical features of each area. Already 10,000 houses have been erected and many more are in course of erection.

In the industrial field the city has been zoned to ensure that any new development has the maximum regard to the requirements of industry. Already a number of major new light industries, and one extensive engineering works, have been attracted to the new Plymouth, offering, as it does, good sites and an easy labour market. In two instances factories have been erected within the confines of new estates, enabling employees to live as near to their places of work as possible.

Here, then, is the new Plymouth, a great giant rising from the ashes of the old. A city with a thousand years of history is planning and building on a scale which will do much to shape its traditions for hundreds of years to come. No city in the Commonwealth has suffered as much; no city has seized its opportunity of rebuilding with beauty and imagination on so great a scale.

THE RISE OF THE NEW PLYMOUTH



THE CITY OF PLYMOUTH AND ITS ENVIRONS: In this sketch-map Leslie S. Haywood shows the main approaches to Plymouth, and *inset at top* is a sketch of the new city centre, showing how it is being planned in precincts. The plan for the new Plymouth was first made known in 1943, when J. Paton Watson and Sir Patrick Abercrombie prepared their report for the City Council.

NEW BUILDINGS ON ARMADA WAY: Two great new highways cut across the centre of Plymouth, one of them Armada Way and the other is Royal Parade. Before work was begun on new buildings in this blitzed heart of Plymouth prefab. shops and offices were used

GRACIOUS DESIGN IN A NEW PLYMOUTH STORE: The design and construction of the wrought-iron in the effective staircase was undertaken by Plymouth craftsmen for a building erected by a local firm

THE N.A.A.F.I. CLUB: Situated on Armada Way, this new building gives the Navy, Army and Air Force a superb new social headquarters.

IN PLYMOUTH'S CITY CENTRE: Here at the junction of Royal Parade and Armada Way the two great thoroughfares named by King George VI stands the first great new store to be erected in Plymouth since the war. On the left is the flagpole which surmounts a replica of Drake's Drum.

The store is that of E. Dingle and Company.

On left—

ONE OF PLYMOUTH'S NEW HOUSING NEIGHBOURHOOD UNITS: Plymouth has recently celebrated the construction of its 10,000th post-war house. The ... building land round the city has been most skilfully exploited. The estates are beautifully sited, taking advantage of the undulating nature of the country, following the contours of the valleys and running gracefully up the hillsides. Each house adds over £5 to the city of Plymouth's rateable value over the next sixty years.

THE ROYAL PARADE BEFORE ANY BUILDINGS HAD BEEN ERECTED ALONG IT: Towards the foreground is seen the burnt-out shell of St. Andrew's, the mother-church. *On right*—ROYAL PARADE TO-DAY: In the background it is met by Armada Way. The new Plymouth is planned as a city of precincts, and the city centre is to be a cultural precinct of galleries and colleges.

THE ELIZABETHAN HOUSE AT 32, NEW STREET: This sixteenth-century survival in Plymouth's historic quarter is now open to the public as a period museum. New Street existed in the days of Drake and the Pilgrim Fathers, and they must have walked along it on their way down to Sutton Harbour.

LOOKING ALONG THE LENGTH OF ROYAL PARADE, WITH NEW BUILDINGS UNDER CONSTRUCTION ON THE LEFT: On the right can be seen the low façade of some of the prefabricated buildings which have served as shops until such time as carefully planned permanent structures could be completed.

ONE OF THE HOUSING ESTATES ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PLYMOUTH: These neighbourhood units are often separated by steep valleys which, wherever practicable, are being retained as green belts.

THE RUINS OF PLYMOUTH GUILDHALL: Work was recently begun on the reconstruction of this late nineteenth-century civic hall. The civic centre is still based on St. Andrew's Church. The main civic group in the new Plymouth will comprise Municipal Buildings and a Council Chamber on the west side, including a concert hall to seat 2,000 people, with Law Courts and the new Guildhall on the east. Some splendid trees which survived the blitz are being preserved in this area.

NEW HOUSING GRACEFULLY OCCUPYING THE CONTOURS OF THE SURROUNDING HILLS: The planning of Plymouth's residential areas is not just a matter of providing living space, but also an educational and social environment to knit together residential areas.

RECONSTRUCTION IN PROGRESS IN THE SHADOW OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH: On the right, work is proceeding on the building of one of Plymouth's new shops. On the left is the fourteenth-century Mother Church of Plymouth, which suffered severe bomb damage. St. Andrew's, which has been a symbol of the city's life for over 500 years, was left a shell by the Second World War. Between destruction and reconstruction it became a garden church, with flowers blooming and garden seats set out by the lawn beneath the roofless nave. St. Andrew's to-day is a permanent reminder of the old Plymouth amid the new, giving a sense of continuity.

PLYMOUTH SURVIVES A SOCIAL UPHEAVAL

The Impact of the Luftwaffe Meant Wrecked Homes and Wrecked Lives, But the People Have Weathered the Storm of the War Years and Faced the Future with Courage and Vision

BY THE BISHOP OF PLYMOUTH

Bombs were dropped on Plymouth on 59 separate occasions during the war and civilian casualties alone approached 5,000 out of a population of 200,000. The "housing casualties" numbered over 70,000, nearly 4,000 of them totally destroyed and over 18,000 seriously damaged. These figures indicate the social upheaval which the raids inflicted, and if it had not been for the characteristic patience and endurance of Plymouth folk, there could have been no resurrection.

For it is a resurrection which Plymouth has experienced. The city is rightly proud of its progress; we claim that we are second to none in the country. Visitors see a new city but it is not new in the sense that Harlow is a new town. It is the old come to life again and reclothed. Ours is *Plymouth Redivivus*.

Old societies have weathered the storm and have found new outlets for their enthusiasm. The Chamber of Commerce and the Mercantile Associations are functioning not simply as watchdogs over commercial interests, but as vital contributors to the restoration of the city in other than its physical sense. The Shakespeare Society and the Tamaritans have in some ways outdone their past by their contributions to the cultural life of the community. The increase in the number of dramatic societies and the prominent place which drama takes in the youth organisations and in the life of the churches is noteworthy and, one suspects, much greater than in other cities of similar size. This is all the more remarkable because the city is unable to support a professional theatre or a repertory company. It may be that the inventiveness which found expression in the war years, with the habit of doing things for oneself, lives on in this desire to provide one's own entertainment. Musical societies have not only recovered; they have extended their influence.

The religious life of the city suffered severely as a result of the raids. About fifty places of worship were put out of action, many of them damaged beyond repair. The people were scattered and many middle-aged people who moved away have found a permanent home in other parts of Devon and elsewhere. The loss of these members, financially and in other ways the backbone of many congregations, has thrown an unaccustomed burden on a younger generation, which is shouldering it manfully. The "re-clothing" of the resurrected Plymouth means that the removal of population from the inner city is permanent and renders some churches redundant which were formerly centres of vigorous life. War damage payments received in respect of these will go far towards the cost of building centres of church life on the new housing estates on the outskirts of the city. Progress in this is severely restricted by the lack of licences. The twin evils of destruction and "licence-frustration" have brought about even closer co-operation than existed before the war between the different branches of the Christian Church. Representatives of the Anglican, Nonconformist and Roman Catholic churches sit on a joint committee to allocate licences out of a gross total granted by the Ministry of Works; demand has always exceeded supply, but not once has a decision as to allocation been made on a majority vote. Similarly, in the allocation of sites, for which provision is made by the City Corporation on each new estate, agreement has been reached that no two churches shall be within half a mile of each other. The restoration of St. Andrew's, the Mother Church of the city, has become the concern of all sections of Christian conviction.

THE BLITZED LIBRARY: Reconstruction will soon begin on the Central Library, which was destroyed together with the total book stock of 85,000 volumes.

The Plan for Plymouth, so imaginatively produced while war still raged, was based on the creation of new communities within the larger life of the city. It is uncertain how far this is being achieved and there is a demand for more residential accommodation in or near the centre of the city, partly arising from the desire to be near one's work and so save time and money (the provincial is not accustomed, as the metropolitan is, to long journeys to and from work each day) but partly on sentimental grounds; there is a nostalgic longing for familiar surroundings. But community spirit is a growth; it cannot be artificially created by plan, however well devised. Already it seems as if the women and children at least are regarding the new estates as their homes and not simply as places of residence. It may take a generation for the community spirit to come to maturity and the provision of places of worship, each church having its own associated activities for all age groups, and other centres will be essential to its development.

It was in 1944 that I came to Plymouth, having known it before the war as a holiday centre, with its congested streets and its reputation as the most difficult place in the country to drive through. I stood in the north doorway of St. Andrew's and looked out on complete devastation. I soon learned that there were many who felt "it can never be the same again," and many others who were determined to make out of the ruin something new and glorious. The more I read of the history of Plymouth and the more I shared the life of its people, the more convinced I became that it is a mis-reading of that history to describe Plymothians as men of adventure; rather they have been people who refused to know when they were beaten and who persisted in their efforts to reach a given goal whatever the cost, or however long the time might be. It is this spirit which has brought about Plymouth's resurrection.

NORMAN PLYMOUTH.

THE QUEEN PRESENTS NEW STANDARDS

Her Majesty with the Life Guards and The Blues on a Day of Colourful Ceremonial in the Home Park at Windsor

In the course of their colourful history, colourful in point of dress and in the manner of their encounters in the field, the Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) have fought on board ship under Prince Rupert, on horses under Granby, Roberts and Allenby, and on camels under Wolseley. On foot, and using bicycles for transport, they showed themselves superb riflemen and machine-gunners in Haig's Army in the First World War. In trucks they raced to relieve Bagdad in 1941, and in armoured cars they served in the North African Desert, in Italy and in North-West Europe. As individual soldiers some of them joined the Commandos, among them Major-General E. Laycock.

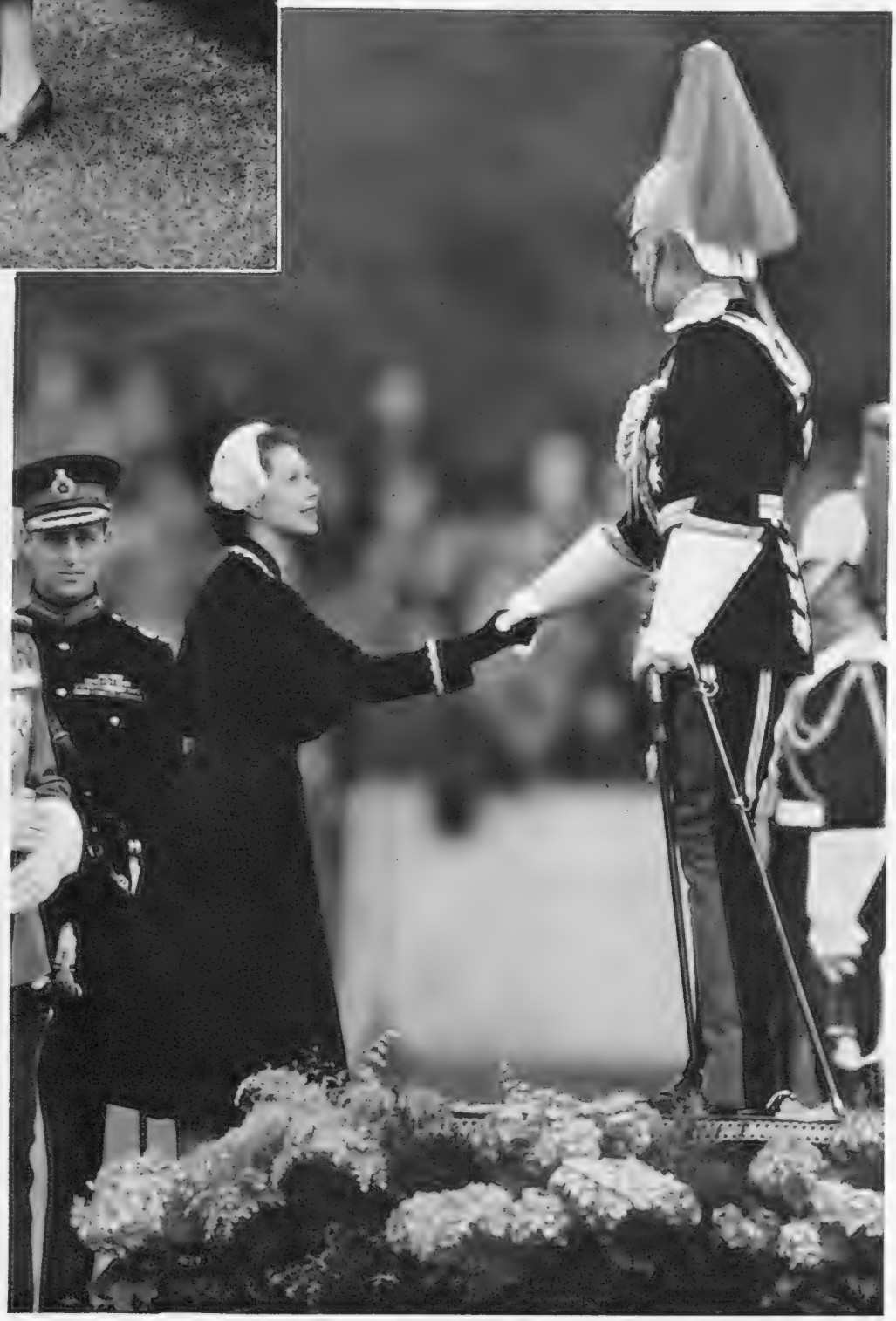
This proud record was referred to at length by the Queen when she addressed a parade of more than 500 officers and men of the Household Cavalry in the Home Park at Windsor last week, after first presenting each regiment with a Royal and three Squadron Standards. It was a brilliant day of ceremonial, and some of the highlights of the great parade are shown in pictures on this and succeeding pages. One of the outstanding figures on the parade-ground was Major-General the Earl of Athlone, brother of Queen Mary, who is Colonel of the Life Guards and has served three sovereigns as personal A.D.C.

Addressing the parade, the Queen paid tribute to "The long and glorious story of your regiments over the centuries which has been one of devotion and zeal to your Sovereign and your country. From Dettingen to France and Flanders the courage and glorious deeds of your forebears should fill with pride all who serve in your regiments and who hold dear their honour and their fame.

"The dying words of one of your officers in the First Great War, 'It is all in the day's work,' express the willingness with which you have cheerfully and successfully undertaken a variety of tasks. Now, while your two mounted squadrons alone remain to recall to us the glory of the original British cavalry, the armoured car regiments of the Life Guards and The Blues, one abroad and the other at home, take their place at the head of my armoured regiments."

THE QUEEN ARRIVES AT THE HOME PARK TO PRESENT NEW STANDARDS TO THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY: Her Majesty being received on arrival at the parade-ground before taking part in the ceremony. The Queen was received with a Royal salute. She then saw the old Standards trooped, and afterwards proceeded to the presentation of a Royal and three Squadron Standards to each of the regiments, the Life Guards and The Blues.

PRINCESS MARGARET ARRIVES AT THE PARADE-GROUND WITH HER NEPHEW PRINCE CHARLES, DUKE OF CORNWALL: The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester also attended with Prince William and Prince Richard, and Prince Michael was with the Duchess of Kent.



THE QUEEN MOUNTS THE SALUTING DAIS: Her Majesty on the parade-ground in Windsor Home Park, where 500 officers and other ranks of the Household Cavalry were drawn up to receive her. Standing just behind the Queen in the uniform of a Field-Marshal is the Duke of Edinburgh

PRINCE CHARLES DUKE OF CORNWALL AT THE CEREMONY OF CONSECRATION : He is seen standing just behind Canon Pike, Chaplain-General to the Forces, and just in front of his father the Duke of Edinburgh during the service of consecrating the new Standards which were presented to the Household Cavalry.

THE QUEEN WITH HER OFFICERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY: *Left*—Her Majesty presenting one of the Standards to Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Gerard Leigh, of the Life Guards. *Right*—The Queen on the saluting dais, where she saw the old Standard trooped and marched off to the accompaniment of *Auld Lang Syne*. When the Standards joined their regiments the band played *God Save the Queen* and the mounted squadrons went past the Queen first at a walk and then at a trot.

THE QUEEN ADDRESSES THE PARADE BENEATH THE BATTLEMENTS OF WINDSOR CASTLE : Her Majesty seen in the centre of the parade-ground as she made her speech, with the Colour parties of the Royal Horse Guards on the one hand and the Life Guards on the other, each with one Standard and three Squadron Standards which had been newly presented. Her Majesty spoke of the glorious story of the two regiments through the centuries and of their devotion and zeal to the sovereign both in times of war and of peace.

THE QUEEN PRESENTS NEW STANDARDS

The Ceremonial Parade of the Household Cavalry at Windsor

On right—

THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY GO BY AT THE TROT : The Queen on the saluting dais during the final phases of the ceremonial in the Home Park, beneath the heights of Windsor. The parade comprised mounted and dismounted troops of the Household Cavalry. It was commanded by Colonel E. J. S. Ward.

HARRY TRUMAN PRIVATE CITIZEN

New Pictures of the Man from Independence, Missouri, Who In January Relinquished His High Office and is Now Settling Down to Everyday Life

SETTLING DOWN TO A COMFORTABLE EVERYDAY ROUTINE IN KANSAS CITY: Mr. Truman dining at the Pickwick Hotel, where on this occasion he had pig's hocks, sauerkraut and potatoes with parsley sauce, a 75 cent meal. As President of the United States he would have been surrounded by Secret Service men, who would never have permitted him to sit by a window. But Mr. Truman does not even now go unguarded. With him is his secretary and two police officers assigned to him by Kansas City Police. They spend each day with him when he is in the city, and help with the work of opening mail in his office. Mr. Truman's main task at the moment is the compilation of a record of his Administration, an immense job, which keeps him fully occupied. He goes into Kansas nearly every day from Independence.

MR. TRUMAN HAS A WORD WITH THE ENGINE-DRIVER: On the day that he left Washington after relinquishing the Presidency, Mr. Truman travelled on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway to Kansas City, and is seen here at Vincennes, where he stepped down to have a chat with Bob Wilson, the engine-driver. For Harry Truman these were the first hours of his new-won freedom and he obviously revelled in them after years of being bound by protocol.

TRUMAN TAKES A SUNDAY STROLL: The ex-President walking in his home town.

WALKING DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE TRAIN THAT TOOK HIM BACK TO KANSAS CITY FROM WASHINGTON: Mr. Truman in the first hours of his new-won freedom.

THE START OF THE DAILY ROUTINE: *Left*—Mr. Truman leaves his home, the Wallace House, at Independence, to catch the train for Kansas City. Independence lies about 10 miles from Kansas City. The iron fence around Mr. Truman's house was put up when the President used it as a summer White House. *Right*—Mr. Truman reading the mail in his Kansas City office. He has an enormous correspondence and has had to buy an electric letter-opener to speed the work.

There are two living ex-Presidents of the United States. The elder of the two is Herbert Hoover, the Republican who preceded Franklin Roosevelt and had the ill-luck to be in office at the time of the financial crash in the fall of 1929. The younger is Harry Shippe Truman, of Independence, Missouri, who succeeded Franklin Roosevelt when the latter died in office, and fought his way subsequently to the great election victory of 1948, a lone election victory won in the face of Democratic Party apathy. The campaigns of Hayes and Tilden, Grover Cleveland and Blaine in the last century were as nothing to that great election of 1948, when a President barely acknowledged by his own party made a lone fight that so appealed to the imagination of the people that they flocked to the polls in sympathetic support and to flout the widely prevalent idea that Governor Dewey was invincible. Now with his work well done and a grand record behind him, Mr. Truman has returned to Independence, Missouri, there to enjoy the well-earned relaxation of a private citizen. Mr. Truman still works hard, however. He leaves the Wallace House in Independence each day and takes the business train to Kansas City. At night he returns to Independence, to join his wife Bess, who has been so busy tidying up after the move from Washington that she has scarcely put a foot outside the house except, as one neighbour says, to pick up the papers where the newsboy throws them in the morning.

For Truman the task of becoming an ordinary citizen once again is an easy one from a social point of view, for he has always been the friendliest of men, but it is difficult from a financial viewpoint. Determined to protect the dignity of the office he has held, but in need of an income, Mr. Truman has announced plans to write his memoirs and to carry out lecture tours of the United States. He has ignored thirty offers of jobs, including two offers of 100,000 dollars a year, as he felt that they sought to exploit his name.

Truman was born in 1884 at Lamar, Missouri, the son of a horse dealer, and yesterday, May 8, was his sixty-ninth birthday. He had a high school education and was later a road overseer, a tax collector and a postmaster. After serving in France in the First World War, Truman was appointed a county court judge in 1922. It was not until 1934 that he was elected to the United States Senate for his native State of Missouri, and he was re-elected again in 1940. The most fateful moment in his life came in 1944, when he was chosen to run for the Vice-Presidency as running mate to Mr. Roosevelt. The nomination could have been Henry Wallace's, but it fell to the man from Missouri, who was destined to become the thirty-second President of the United States, to make fateful decisions on the issues of war and peace, and to rise higher than he personally ever thought possible.

KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN ASSUMES THE THRONE

Scenes in the Capital City of Amman, Where the King Now Exercises His Full Royal Prerogatives

Last week the Duke of Gloucester went by air to Bagdad to attend the installation of King Faisal II of Irak, and a few days later he was in Amman, the capital of the Hashemite Kingdom of the Jordan, to offer the Queen's felicitations to the young King Hussein on his assumption of full powers. King Hussein, who was educated at Victoria College, Alexandria, and later at Harrow, was staying with his mother, Queen Zaine, at Lausanne at the time of his accession, and it was then announced that he would begin his reign in 1953 on the attainment of his eighteenth birthday.

That time has now come, and in recent days the city of Amman has given itself over to rejoicing; and on every hand it is hoped that here is the start of another stable regime matching that of King Hussein's grandfather, the late King Abdullah, the creator of the kingdom.

It was by a treaty signed in London on March 22, 1946, that Great Britain recognised Transjordan as a sovereign independent state, and the new Anglo-Transjordan Treaty was signed in Amman in 1948. The Hashemite Kingdom lies between Israel and Iraq, with Syria to the north and Saudi-Arabia to the south. The territory extends on both sides of the Jordan. Before the Treaties it was a British mandated area. Jordan is a constitutional monarchy, and has a Lower House of forty elected members and an Upper Chamber of twenty members nominated by the King. Of the elected members twenty come from Palestine or West Jordan, and twenty from East Jordan.

THE JORDANIAN FLAG FLIES OVER BASMAN, THE ROYAL PALACE AT AMMAN: Here on May 2 King Hussein of Jordan assumed his constitutional prerogatives, and here he has received the envoys of other lands, among them the Duke of Gloucester, representing Queen Elizabeth II, who have congratulated him. Prince Hussein was proclaimed King of Jordan last summer on the deposition of King Talal, but being under age his powers were at first assumed by a Regency Council. Now he has full powers.

PRINCE HASSAN TAKES THE SALUTE: The six-year-old brother of King Hussein of Jordan stands to attention with his right hand raised in salute as Arab Legionaries pass him on the parade-ground at Amman. Standing with him is his British nanny, Miss Frances Cheeseman, and the son of General J. B. Glubb, the Commander of the Arab Legion.

BOY SCOUTS IN ARAB LEGION HEADDRESS MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF AMMAN ON APRIL 22: They were celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Arab revolt against the Turks. The day also constituted a rehearsal for last week's celebrations marking the assumption of full powers by King Hussein of Jordon.

On right—

GLUBB PASHA AND HIS SON FARIS: The British Commander of the Arab Legion has a few words with his son before the latter sets out for a ride on an Arab charger. Glubb Pasha has had a lifetime of experience in the Near East, and as the friend and confidant of the late King Abdullah he played a great part in consolidating Anglo-Arabian friendship.

A VISIT TO ARAB LEGION HEADQUARTERS: King Hussein (centre) at Abdelle Camp seated beside Glubb Pasha, Commander of the Legion. They saw the ceremony at which bands of the Arab Legion beat the Retreat.

THE PROCESSION ON SOUTH UIST PRECEDING THE UNVEILING CEREMONY OF THE CAIRN ERECTED AT MILTON TO THE MEMORY OF FLORA MACDONALD : The memorial, erected by the Clan Donald Society, stands within the ruined walls of Flora MacDonald's childhood home, from which she went out on the memorable journey across the Minch to conduct Prince Charles Edward Stuart to safety from the Hanoverian troops. The unveiling was performed by Lord MacDonald, Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire, and chief of the clan, in the presence of Major Reginald MacDonald, an authentic descendant of the Highland girl. Other memorials to Flora MacDonald exist in Inverness, at Kilmuir and at Portree, but this is the first to be erected in her native South Uist.

COMMEMORATING THE HEROINE OF SOUTH UIST

The Unveiling of the Memorial Cairn to Flora MacDonald

On right—

THE MOMENT OF UNVEILING : Lord MacDonald removes the Union flag from the plaque on the cairn. With him are Mr. F. S. MacKenzie and Major Reginald MacDonald, of Pittsburgh, U.S.A. In his speech Lord MacDonald said that Flora MacDonald was a typical Isles-woman who acted out of the kindness and goodness of her heart. He also quoted her remark to Frederick, Prince of Wales, the son of George III, when he asked her why she had assisted Prince Charles : "I would have done the same for you had you been in like distress." The ceremony closed with a tune played on the bagpipes by young Rona MacDonald, a member of the heroine's family.

THE CROSS OF ST. ANDREW FLIES FROM A MAST CLOSE TO THE MEMORIAL : This was the scene as clansmen of the clan paid their respects to Flora MacDonald. The Rev. Colin MacKenzie, of South Uist, crowned Bard at last year's Mod, delivered a Gaelic oration, while another speaker was Lieut.-Colonel the Baron Porcelli, a descendant of the Chief of Clan Ranald. Also present was Monseignor Neil McKellaig.

RECORD-BREAKING ITALIANS TRIUMPH IN THE CLASSIC "MILLE MIGLIA"

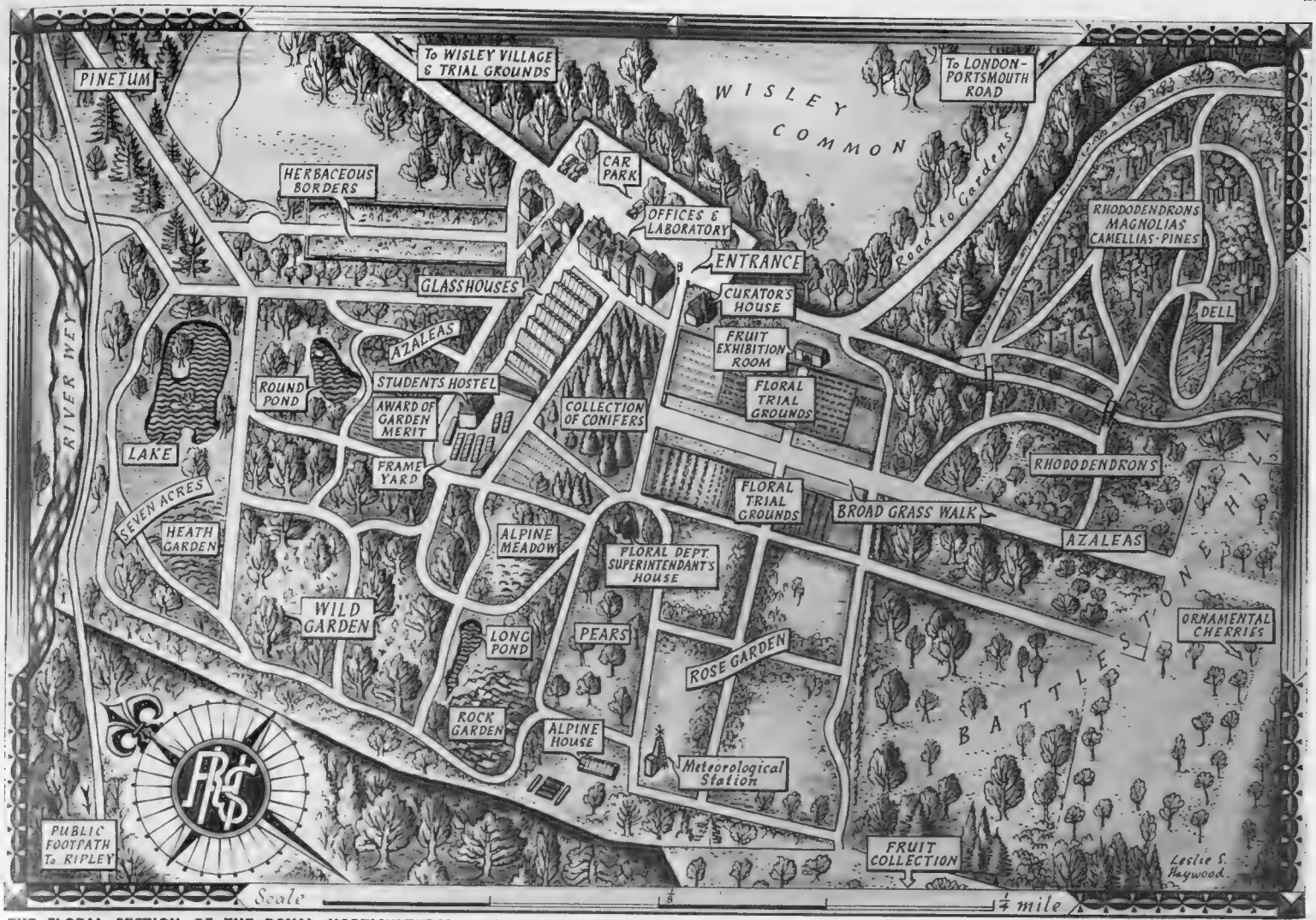
Italy's Classic Race is Won by a Ferrari Driven by G. Marzotto at 88 m.p.h., and Three Records are Broken; Britain Takes Fifth Place

THE WINNING ITALIAN CAR CROSSES THE FINISHING LINE IN ITALY'S CELEBRATED 1,000-MILE ROAD RACE WHICH COVERS HALF THE COUNTRY : G. Marzotto, in his 4·1-litre factory-entered Ferrari, seen at the end of the race, which he won with an average speed of 88 m.p.h., a record. Marzotto (also seen, *inset on right*, as he was chaired) also won the 1950 race, but this year set a new record time of 10 hours 37 mins. 19 secs., nearly 12 minutes faster than the second car, a new Alfa Romeo "Flying Saucer" driven by J. M. Fangio (Argentina). Another Italian car, a new 2·9-litre Lancia, was third, but the fifth place was taken by Reg. Parnell, of Britain, in an Aston Martin.

BRITISH ASTON MARTIN RACING CARS ARE MADE READY FOR THE RACE : The British challenge this year was stronger than usual, but the team suffered several losses early in the race. S. Moss and L. Johnson both drove Jaguars, but both had to retire.

On right—

AN EXCITING INTERLUDE AT THE ROME CHECKPOINT : The Alfa Romeo "Flying Saucer" of Juan Fangio is surrounded by stewards, police and photographers just before the Argentinian left to take the lead. Following Germany's Karl Kling by only 40 seconds at Rome, Fangio overtook the German, also driving an Alfa Romeo, between Rome and Florence.



THE FLORAL SECTION OF THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS AT WISLEY: The gardens still owe much to the skill and taste of Mr. George F. Wilson, the original owner, who was one of the finest amateur gardeners of his day. It has always been the aim of the Council of the Society to preserve as far as possible Mr. Wilson's original design and plantings. This sketch-map of the gardens was drawn by Leslie S. Haywood.

WISLEY—BRITAIN'S MODEL GARDEN

The Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society at Wisley, in Surrey, and an Account of the Work that is Carried on there

By H. R. FLETCHER, Ph.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.E.
(THE DIRECTOR OF WISLEY)

The flowers and fruits produced in such great abundance in the fertile gardens of Britain are the product not merely of contemporary horticulture but of centuries of patient research by gardeners and botanists. The gardens of no other land can boast such quality and quantity as those of Britain, and the British gardener, whether he be the week-end amateur toiling in his plot or the professional with acres of fine land under cultivation, is heir to an unfailing source of science and lore. For all this, the aim is still to produce more and better flowers and fruits, and the centre of a great national effort for this purpose lies in the lovely Surrey countryside at Wisley, where, at the Royal Horticultural Society's gardens, growers of all classes can study the best plants, seek the advice of experts and offer new varieties for trial. The Director of the Wisley Gardens is Dr. Fletcher, who describes in the following article something of the history and work of this world-famous establishment.

THE Wisley Gardens were acquired by the Royal Horticultural Society exactly fifty years ago with the following objects: the cultivation of fruits, vegetables and as wide a range as possible of ornamental plants; the hybridisation of plants and the raising of new varieties; the trial of new and rare varieties of fruits, vegetables and flowers against established ones, and the trial of horticultural appliances and materials; the conducting of experimental and research work on diverse horticultural problems; and the establishment of a School of Horticulture.

All these objects have been accomplished in greater or lesser degree, but their fulfilment has been possible only by great changes, chiefly by way of expansion, in the original garden which the late Sir Thomas Hanbury gifted in trust to the Society in 1903, and which for the previous thirty years or so had been cultivated by the late Mr. George F. Wilson, of Weybridge, a former treasurer of the Society and one of the most enlightened gardeners and expert cultivators of his day.

When in the spring of 1904, the centenary year of its foundation, the Society forsook the Chiswick Gardens, which it had occupied for over eighty years, and moved to Wisley, the area then under cultivation did not greatly exceed six acres, and consisted in the main of Mr. Wilson's famous Wild Garden, where he had grown lilies, primroses, gentians, Japanese irises, rhododendrons, azaleas and many other flowering trees and conifers with great success. From the start it was the Society's intention that this wild garden "be carefully preserved and continued" and, allowing for the inevitable changes which fifty years have wrought, it remains in all essentials as Mr. Wilson left it. The rest of the estate, however, is quite changed, as obviously it had to change to meet the ambitious requirements of the Society. To-day, over 250 acres are under cultivation, and Wisley is a world-renowned establishment, where Fellows of the Society and the general public may see a wide range of ornamental plants excellently cultivated, and where Fellows may seek guidance on all cultural problems; where trials of flowers, vegetables and fruits are undertaken; and where an organised two-year course of horticultural instruction is given to student gardeners.

THE LABORATORY AND ADMINISTRATIVE HEADQUARTERS AT WISLEY: The laboratory was built between 1914 and 1916 and houses administrative, advisory and research departments. Research work is conducted here on pest and disease control and on problems submitted by Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society. The laboratory is also the headquarters of the School of Horticulture.

At all times of the year Wisley is a most beautiful garden through which to perambulate. There is always colour to delight the eye; in winter, the white-trunked birches, the orange-yellow and purple-stemmed willows, the red- and yellow-shooted dogwoods, the gold, grey and green foliage of conifers, the yellow blossoms of winter aconite, winter jasmine and witch-hazel, the pale lavender or deep violet *Iris unguicularis*, flowers of winter sweet, Christmas rose, crocus and snowdrop; in spring

(*Concluded on following pages*)

WISLEY—BRITAIN'S MODEL GARDEN

THE ALPINE HOUSE AT WISLEY GAY WITH SPRING FLOWERS : Plants intended for display in this house are grown in pots or pans and brought to the flowering stage in unheated frames. In the early days of February, when there is little to be seen outside, the house is gay with the best of the early-flowering saxifrages, primulas and bulbous irises, replaced gradually by a succession of equally choice plants, including lewisias, gentians and campanulas. Later in the year, when few flowers are to be expected, dwarf conifers and plants with attractive foliage occupy the house.

AMONG THE PINES AND RHODODENDRONS ON BATTLESTON HILL : The slopes of Battleston were cleared before the war and later planted with rhododendrons.

A CORNER OF THE LOVELY ROCK GARDEN AT WISLEY : At the highest point a concealed tank supplies water to several pools at various levels connected by miniature waterfalls. Open sunny terraces and cool shaded bays, varying in aspect offer a range of conditions to meet the requirements of the many species of gentian, primula, phlox and dianthus. The Rock Garden was constructed in 1911 with sandstone from Tunbridge Wells.

(*Concluded from previous page*)

the Alpine House gay with almost every colour, a yellow sheet of the charming "Hoop Petticoat" daffodil in the Alpine Meadow, a blue haze of chionodoxa at the east end of Seven Acres, in the Wild Garden golden drifts of the minute *Narcissus cyclamineus* and later of yellow, orange, pink, crimson and white Asiatic primulas and blue Himalayan poppies, rhododendrons, camellias and magnolias both here and on Battleston Hill, cherries in the Cherry Field and on Weather Hill; in summer, rhododendrons and azaleas at their peak, a succession of flowering shrubs—brooms, berberis, cotoneasters, spiræas, hypericums, lilacs, philadelphus and hosts of others—in Seven Acres and Howard's Field, and of alpine plants in the Rock Garden, irises, delphiniums, lupins, gladioli, sweet peas, chrysanthemums, the patchwork of colour in the annual and herbaceous borders; in autumn, michaelmas daisies and dahlias, drifts of the beautiful *Cyclamen neopolitanum*, the reds and golds of coloured foliage and fruits; and in all seasons in the Heath Garden, the white, pink and red of many varieties of heather.

It is very lovely and gives abiding pleasure to all who come to Wisley. But if this were all, the Garden would have failed in its true function. Always the deepest satisfaction is to be found, not in another's garden, but in the garden one has planned and planted oneself, and it is the business of Wisley to guide those who visit her in the layout of their gardens and in their choice of plant material. For instance, when in 1911 the Council of the Society decided to build a Rock Garden, it aimed at one which would be a model of its kind—well planned and constructed, in harmony with its surroundings, and providing not merely an existence but a congenial home for the great wealth of alpine plants—one which Fellows could study, and through which they could educate themselves in one of the most fascinating aspects of gardening.

The project has proved abundantly successful. Covering nearly two acres of the rather steep hillside, which rises from the Long Pond, and built of Sussex sandstone of ample size and bold outline, the Rock Garden is admirable in design and construction, and is among the finest in the land. A series of pools at varying levels and connected by miniature waterfalls link the Rock Garden to the Bog Garden at the foot of the slope, and the whole is a harmony of rock, water and vegetation—a perfect landscape. The fact that the exposure is to the north is a by no means unsatisfactory circumstance, especially in view of the hot summers of the south of England. Such an exposure provides cool and shaded positions wherein many plants luxuriate and flower with great freedom, whereas for plants requiring full sun there is ample space on the more exposed terraces. Fellows, both connoisseurs of Alpines and those in the process of initiation, with their notebooks, always are well in evidence on the winding paths and informal flights of stone steps, sketching the lie of a particular rock and noting the names of plants which appeal to them.

Associated with the Rock Garden is the Alpine House, brilliant with bloom for nearly six months of the year, and whose function is not always understood. The House does not provide alpine plants with the conditions they enjoy in their native habitat, nor can most Alpines be more successfully cultivated in the House than they can in the open. The main purpose of the House is to provide shelter for the early-flowering alpines and thus protect them from the inclemency of the weather, as well as to bring them nearer to eye level than is possible in the Rock Garden and thus enable Fellows to examine them more closely.

There are, of course, many lovers of Alpine plants who, for lack of space, unsuitability of site, or for other reasons, cannot build themselves a rock garden. But some have a very good substitute for a rock garden in the shape of dry retaining walls and can learn much about the most suitable plants for these by an examination of the delightfully planted walls flanking the entrance to the Gardens and enclosing the formal grass terraces in front of the Laboratory.

Again, although to walk the cool shady paths of the Wild Garden and to tread the broad grassy ways of Seven Acres is delightful, the educational value of these parts of the Garden should not be neglected. No doubt the name Wild Garden is a contradiction in terms and such a garden, free from all formality in layout is perhaps better called a Natural Garden or a Woodland Garden. And in our day when labour and financial problems impose considerable limitations on garden efforts, when neatness and tidyness must go by the board, the woodland garden offers unlimited opportunity for the naturalisation of exotic plants from all parts of the temperate regions, with no more effort and consumption of labour than is required for the herbaceous border.

Visitors can see Candelabra primulas from the Himalaya and Western China covering the woodland floor with a carpet of yellow, orange, pink, red, purple and white, as efficiently and beautifully as our native bluebell; unsightly ditches made elegant with the tall golden spires of *Primula helodoxa* and the white or blue wands of the Harebell gentian which grows here with equal abandon as in the Rock Garden; *Narcissus cyclamineus*, too frequently placed in a pocket in the Rock Garden, naturalising itself in a dozen places; lilies and meconopsis in their season enjoying the partial shade of the woodland; a succession of rhododendrons, camellias and magnolias; and in the fall of the year the vivid scarlet and golden foliage of enkianthus, vaccinium, disanthus, fothergilla and liquidambar.

A TRIAL OF GARDEN POLYANTHUS : One of the main objects of the Wisley Gardens is the trial of flowers, fruit and vegetables, in order to ascertain the merits of new varieties and strains. A systematic description of every variety grown is carefully recorded, and an appropriate committee of experts makes an assessment of the value of the varieties for garden use.

On right—

WHERE GARDENERS MAY FIND A "LIVING TEXTBOOK" OF RHODODENDRONS : Here, on the slopes of Battleston Hill, visitors to Wisley will find many species of rhododendron planted in their respective series. The collection includes many of the newer rhododendron hybrids, which for the most part have originated in the larger private gardens of this country.

In Seven Acres and elsewhere an effort has been made to group together related shrubs so that the expert and the novice can compare the merits of different species and varieties and make a selection from personal judgment. Thus there is the Heather Garden, most beautifully designed and unsurpassed in the country; the field of cherries; rose species and varieties, lilacs, brooms and others. All this grouping of related plants affords the visitor a splendid opportunity for acquiring knowledge of flowering and fruiting shrubs.

The rhododendron collection is particularly interesting. There are some 800 species in the genus Rhododendron, and for purposes of classification they are divided into forty-three groups, or series and sub-series. In each of these groups are arranged those species which from their form and geographical range appear to be most nearly related. The bible of the rhododendron enthusiast is *The Species of Rhododendron*, a thick volume wherein all known species of the genus are enumerated in their botanical series. On Battleston Hill, Fellows are able to see what aptly has been called "the living textbook," for a great many species are planted in their respective series. On the main part of the Hill and in a lovely setting of pine and birch are many of the newer rhododendron hybrids.

Many visitors to the Gardens, impressed by the high standard of cultivation, believe that at Wisley all things are favourable to plant life. Nothing could be further from the truth. Only in a few places in the Gardens is the soil rich in decaying organic matter; for the most part it consists of fine sand and silt, with here and there bands of clay. Lying in the valley of the River Wey, with hills not far removed to the south, the Gardens are liable to be hit by spring frosts, by extremes of temperature in winter and in summer, and where not sheltered by trees, by strong winds from the north-east and south-east. Such trying conditions indicate not only that the number of rather tender plants which can be grown out of doors is limited (visitors can see an interesting and mixed collection of tender plants in the house nearest the Laboratory), but that those plants which do thrive at Wisley will thrive the more easily in most other parts of the British Isles. Thus Wisley is an ideal garden for testing plants, and one of the Garden's most important functions is the trial of new flowers, fruit and vegetables.

The Floral Trials are of two kinds, "permanent" and "invited." The former is one which is carried on from year to year and in which any variety selected for trial by the appropriate committee, meeting at the Society's headquarters at Vincent Square, in London, is grown in the following years beside a collection of standard or established varieties maintained for purposes of comparison. At present there are twenty-three permanent trials and collections, including border carnations and garden pinks, early flowering chrysanthemums, daffodils, dahlias, delphiniums, lupins, gladioli, bearded irises, michaelmas daisies, sweet peas and rhododendrons. An "invited" trial is one to which Fellows and the public are invited to send plants or seeds in an appointed year. Such trials are usually of short duration. All trials are inspected by the appropriate committee of unbiased experts and the value of the varieties as garden plants is assessed, an assessment expressed by the Council in terms of Awards —First-Class Certificate, Award of Merit, Highly Commended, Commended. Thus the Floral Trials not only enable the value of a particular variety to be judged after comparison with related plants in the same set of conditions, but also allow Fellows to see for themselves and to compare stocks of different varieties. The Trials system of judging the merits of a plant is thus much more reliable than summary judgment at a Flower Show, and awards made as a result of a trial are of much greater value to the public, for whom, of course, in the long run, the verdict is intended.

THE MODEL FRUIT-GARDENS : Apples and pears are grown in the form of cordons, dwarf pyramids and dwarf bushes. There are also plums, cherries, raspberries, gooseberries, and black, red and white currants. Strawberries are not included, for it is considered that they should not occupy the same piece of ground indefinitely.

Trials of vegetables are organised in exactly the same way and are conducted in Wisley village on five acres of ground comprising two distinct soil types—light, sandy soil and medium, retentive loam. Rationally treated and without undue expenditure these two types of soil provide scope for the cultivation of almost every kind of culinary vegetable; carrots and other root crops being grown on the light, sandy soil, and such crops as celery and the cabbage family on the heavier soil.

The National Fruit Trials, adjoining the Vegetable Trials, are conducted jointly by the Royal Horticultural Society and the Ministry of Agriculture and were established in 1921 with the object of providing information as to the good and bad qualities of new or little-known varieties of most kinds of hardy fruits for the guidance of growers. The area occupied by fruits under trial is twenty-three acres and since the commencement of the trials the following numbers of varieties alleged to be new have been accepted for trial: apples, 225; pears, 38; plums, 68; gooseberries, 49; currants, 55; raspberries, 40; strawberries, 42. An additional sixteen acres is occupied by a unique collection of hardy fruits of all kinds (except cherries), including over 2,000 varieties of apple, comprising the most outstanding of both old and new varieties. In view of the forthcoming removal of the National Fruit Trials to Kent, the Society has planted a sixteen-acre site west of the Model Fruit Gardens and the upper part of the rose borders, with a comprehensive collection of bush apples and half-standard plums suitable for the private garden. The collection is arranged in groups of dessert and culinary varieties.

If student gardeners are to be taught not only the practice but the theory of horticulture, lecture and class-rooms are necessary; and if advisory and research work on botanical problems is to be undertaken, research laboratories and staff are also necessary. Thus between 1914 and 1916 the present Laboratory was built, in an attractive combination of narrow brick and oak half-timbering which no visitor to the Gardens fails to admire. Here the administrative staff and the advisory and research officers of the Gardens have their headquarters. One of the many privileges of every Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society is the right to approach these officers for information on the diseases and pests of his garden plants and their methods of control; on the identification of his flowers and fruits and guidance on their cultivation; on methods of weed control and other horticultural problems. The Laboratory is also the headquarters of the School of Horticulture, with well-equipped class-rooms and laboratories to meet the requirements of the two-year course of horticultural instruction which is given to some twenty student gardeners. That the Council of the Society is determined to develop the School of Horticulture is clear from the fact that it intends to commence to build this year, to accommodate thirty-six students, a hostel which it is hoped will be completed in 1954.

THE RISE OF THE NEW TEMPLE—THE VIEW LOOKING FROM KING'S BENCH GARDENS AND SHOWING THE NEARLY-COMPLETED BUILDINGS OF PUMP COURT AND THE CLOISTERS, AND THE MIDDLE TEMPLE CHURCH: On the left are the new Harcourt Buildings, which replace those destroyed in 1941. In the right centre of the picture, just beyond the gates, is the ancient brickwork structure of the Buttery, a fourteenth-century building second only to the Temple Church as the oldest building in the Temple. Alongside the Buttery is the site for the new Hall of the Inner Temple, the foundation-stone of which was laid last November. The building will comprise not only the Hall and Library, but also Common Rooms, Parliament Chambers and Treasurer's offices. Part of the wall of the old Hall is left, and will be included in the building. In the Cloisters seven arches replace the original eight, thus reverting to Sir Christopher Wren's original intention, while in the general plans for reconstruction the Temple's collegiate atmosphere is being preserved.

GEMS OF ARCHITECTURE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

Reconstruction and Restoration in the Temple; at Rye and at Lincoln; the Plea for Staunton Harold Church and Hall

"ONE OF LINCOLN'S FINEST GEMS OF MEDIEVAL ARCHITECTURE": That is the description once given to this building known as the "Cardinal Hat" and which stands at the junction of High Street and Grantham Street, Lincoln. The building is now the property of the Lincoln Corps of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and has been opened as a County and Corps Headquarters. It is a fifteenth-century building, and the name, it is believed, was chosen as a compliment to Thomas Wolsey, a former Bishop of Lincoln, who became a cardinal in 1515. At one time it is thought to have been in use as an inn. The building was vacant last year, when ambulance men first thought of it as a new headquarters, and the Brigade bought it, with the aid of loans, for £6,000. Members started to clean the interior, and as they progressed it became evident that the building was in good condition and some fine specimens of oak work were discovered.

RESTORATION WORK GOES AHEAD ON THE BOMB-DAMAGED YPRES CASTLE AT RYE, SUSSEX: A general view of the work in progress on the eastern end and showing, on left, Mr. L. C. Ellis, of Burwash, the mason in charge of the restoration. The work is being carried out by Rye Council in conjunction with the Ministry of Works. Ypres Castle, a massive, three-storied square tower with round towers at the angles, stands on the hillside south of the church. It is said to have been built by William of Ypres, Earl of Kent, during the twelfth century, but, on the other hand, there is a possibility that it is named after John Ypres, who bought the property from the Corporation of Rye in 1430. Although the castle survived the sackings and burnings of the French pirates when it was in use as a fortress, it suffered extensive damage by bombing during the war. For many years the building was used as a prison.

On right—

A LINK WITH THE CROMWELLIAN PERIOD: Staunton Harold Hall, near Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire, and the adjoining Church of the Holy Trinity, for which a plan to raise £50,000 for their preservation has been launched. The Pilgrim Trust has made a donation of £8,300 to enable the most essential work to begin on restoring the church, and the Treasury has agreed to allow the Ministry of Works to contribute £35,000 towards the restoration of the 18th-century house, on condition that a suitable use is found for the property. The Archbishop of Canterbury has made an appeal for £8,500 to cover the rest of the cost of restoring the church, which this year celebrates its 300th anniversary.

PETWORTH OPENS ITS DOORS

A Sussex House on Show to the Public

AN ANCESTRAL HALL INTO CRAFTS HOUSE

The Proposal for Gawthorpe Hall

PETWORTH HOUSE, SUSSEX, WHICH IN 1947 WAS CONVEYED BY THE THIRD LORD LECONFIELD TO THE NATIONAL TRUST, WILL BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC FROM MONDAY ONWARDS : This is a view of the south end of the house, which occupies the site of a castle of the Percy family around which grew the town of Petworth. The house stands in a large park which is always open, free of charge, to the public. Petworth House will be open on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays from 2 to 6 p.m. (November and December 2 to 4 p.m.), and at the same hours on the first Wednesday in each month, when the charge of admission will be 5s. : on other occasions it will be 2s. 6d. The house will be shut from January to March. An opening ceremony was arranged for yesterday (Friday), with the ceremony being performed by the Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan, M.P.

A CORNER OF THE GRINLING GIBBONS ROOM IN PETWORTH HOUSE, SUSSEX : This room, in which the carving was executed between 1689 and 1692, is in Horace Walpole's opinion "the most superb monument to Grinling Gibbons." Though this impressive room was tampered with in the nineteenth century, it still remains one of the most splendid State apartments in the country. Petworth came into the Percy family in 1150 as the gift of the Crown, and successive Earls of Northumberland lived there. Of the old manor house little remains except the thirteenth-century chapel. Much of the present house was built by the third Lord Egremont (1751-1837) following the rebuilding in the seventeenth century by the sixth Duke of Somerset. The exterior remained little altered until 1869-72, when Salvin replanned and rebuilt the south front. Inside the house the Oak Staircase Hall contains a magnificent collection of pictures, which, together with the other contents of the house, are on loan to the National Trust from Mr. John Wyndham, the present occupier.

THE LONG GALLERY OF GAWTHORPE HALL : The ceiling in this part of the building dates from 1603. Gawthorpe is well suited for use as a crafts house and can be adapted without much damage being made to the architectural features, but money has first to be raised for the adaptation of the house, staffing, its upkeep and preservation. This is expected to involve a large sum. The craftsmanship enterprise was started some years ago by Lord Shuttleworth's aunt, the Hon. Rachel Kay Shuttleworth, of Fence. For years she has been collecting and arranging materials for a crafts house, and if Gawthorpe is adapted the scheme would be given a good start with her own gifts. There is a library covering a large range of arts and crafts ; a collection of craft exhibits ; several thousand illustrations of arts and crafts of many periods and places, and apparatus designed for embroidery.

GAWTHORPE HALL, NEAR PADIHAM, BURNLEY, LANCASHIRE, WHICH MAY BECOME A RESIDENTIAL CRAFTS HOUSE : Lord and Lady Shuttleworth, whose family have lived at this spot for more than six centuries, are moving out of the Hall and have offered it as a gift to the craftsmanship enterprise of Lancashire.

A GRAND PANORAMA OF MOUNTAIN, RIVER AND WOODLAND ON ROYAL DEESIDE : This remarkable picture, taken from the slopes of Craig Gailleach, shows the town of Ballater nestling in the sweep of the Dee as the river, lively with the contact of melting snow, hurries seaward. The Ballater Golf Course looks smooth and inviting. It is practically the last even stretch of the Dee Valley as one travels westwards, for towards Crathie and Balmoral the hills close in and pasture is replaced by moorland. On the extreme right of the picture is Craigendarroch, and on the left are the Coyles of Muick, with Lochnagar, still snow-mottled, lying beyond them, a reminder of winter's slow passing.

IN SCOTLAND NOW

A SPRINGTIME PANORAMA ON DEESIDE; INVERARAY CASTLE IS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC, AND THE GREAT STATE ROOMS ARE RENOVATED

THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CASTLE OF INVERARAY, THE STATE ROOMS OF WHICH WERE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC TOWARDS THE END OF APRIL : In October 1746, just after the [illegible] of the Forty-Five, in which Inveraray was the headquarters in the west of opposition to the Jacobite forces, the foundation-stone of the castle was laid by Archibald, third Duke of Argyll. The architect was Roger Morris. In the fifteen years in which the castle was building the Clerk of Works was William Adam, father of the more famous Adam brothers, one of whom, James, later had a hand in the interior decorations of the castle. Inveraray Castle stands on an eminence above Loch Fyne

WEAPONS WIELDED BY THE CLAN CAMPBELL IN OLDEN DAYS ADORN THE WALLS OF INVERARAY CASTLE : Walking through the state rooms of the castle the visitor sees the weapons, the banners, the portraits of the family, all of which proclaim the extraordinary part played by the clan in Scottish history. The stands of claymores, halberds, Lochaber axes and targes, most of them contemporary with the building of the castle, are in particular reminders of the intensity of Scottish clan warfare

With a roll of drums the renovated state rooms of Inveraray Castle were opened to the public on Saturday, April 25, thus signalising the completion of two years of successful renovation work both in the eighteenth-century castle and the grounds. The entrance and great halls, the dining-room and the north-east and south-west drawing-rooms are open at a charge of 2s. 6d., and there is little doubt that during this Coronation year the public will flock to Inveraray as they have flocked to so many other of the great houses of England and Scotland in times only recently past. The task of restoration at Inveraray has been considerable. Several rooms have had to be stripped of dry-rot. In his brief opening speech at the castle, the Duke emphasised that the work of restoration has only just been done in time, and he paid tribute to the Scottish workmen who have carried the task through. The white and gold of the south-west drawing-room, with its fine vista down an avenue of trees, the Wedgwood blue-and-white of the great hall, the tapestries of the north-east drawing-room, are now to be seen in all their former splendour, and on every hand there is evidence of the extraordinary contribution of the Clan Campbell to Scottish history. The portraits are of special interest, Elizabeth Gunning, one of the two beautiful Miss Gunnings, the Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, is faced by her son, the eighth Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, one of the claimants to the Douglas cause. There is also the portrait of the ninth Earl of Argyll, who was executed after an abortive rising against James II in 1685.

FAMILY PORTRAITS IN ONE OF THE STATE ROOMS AT INVERARAY : Alan Ramsay, Opie and Gainsborough are among the artists represented in the fine collection, which now shows up well as a result of the re-decoration of the State rooms.

THE DINING-ROOM AT INVERARAY : One of the most interesting features of this room are the Golden Galleons. One is of German workmanship of the seventeenth century ; it was used as a wine vessel and was wheeled up and down the table.

THE WORCESTERSHIRE XI BATTING AGAINST THE AUSTRALIANS IN A SETTING DOMINATED BY THE STATELY LINES OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL: This picture was taken during the first day's play, when rain stopped the game after Worcestershire had scored 246 for 3 wickets. The highlight of the day was a century by D. Kenyon, who scored 117 not out.

It was indeed an unlucky first day's play for the Australian team at Worcester last week. Frequent April showers and a cruel, biting wind combined to make conditions far from ideal for cricket; and on top of this, Lindsay Hassett lost the toss. The Worcestershire captain, Kenneth Bird, decided to bat first, and the county took full advantage of a slow and unresponsive wicket.

In the first over it seemed as if the county team were going to be unlucky, when a ball from Lindwall dismissed Richardson, l.b.w., at a score of 1 for 1. Kenyon was then joined at the wicket by Outschoorn, and between them they built up the score to 70 runs, when Outschoorn was stumped. Kenyon had by this time scored 48 runs, and with the captain, R. Bird, backing him up with a brisk and lively 76, soon reached his century, and by the time that Bird was dismissed by Archer, the Worcestershire score was 202 runs for three wickets. During the second day, Worcestershire declared at 333 for 7, and after a shaky start the visitors settled in and made their position more comfortable. But even so, this first match of the season must have had a chastening effect on the Australians.

NEARULA GALLOPING INTO A FOUR-LENGTH LEAD FROM BEBE GRANDE AT THE FINISH OF THE 2,000 GUINEAS RACE: Out on the left of this photograph is the Queen's horse Aureole, which came fifth. Mr. W. Humble's horse Nearula, trained by Captain C. Elsey and ridden by E. Britt, was a decisive winner of a very fast race. Nearula was trained by Captain Elsey at Malton, in Yorkshire, and is the first horse trained in the North to win the 2,000 Guineas during the present century. He was heavily backed by supporters from the North. A slight shower fell before the start of the race, but as the tapes went up, a brilliant sun came out to light up the scene. Although badly-placed at the start, Bebe Grande had established a lead at half-way, with Aureole, in the Royal colours, following closely. Nearula was well placed in a group of horses behind. Bebe Grande was still in the lead at the bushes, when Nearula began his run. Like a champion, he lengthened his stride to make a brilliant finish.

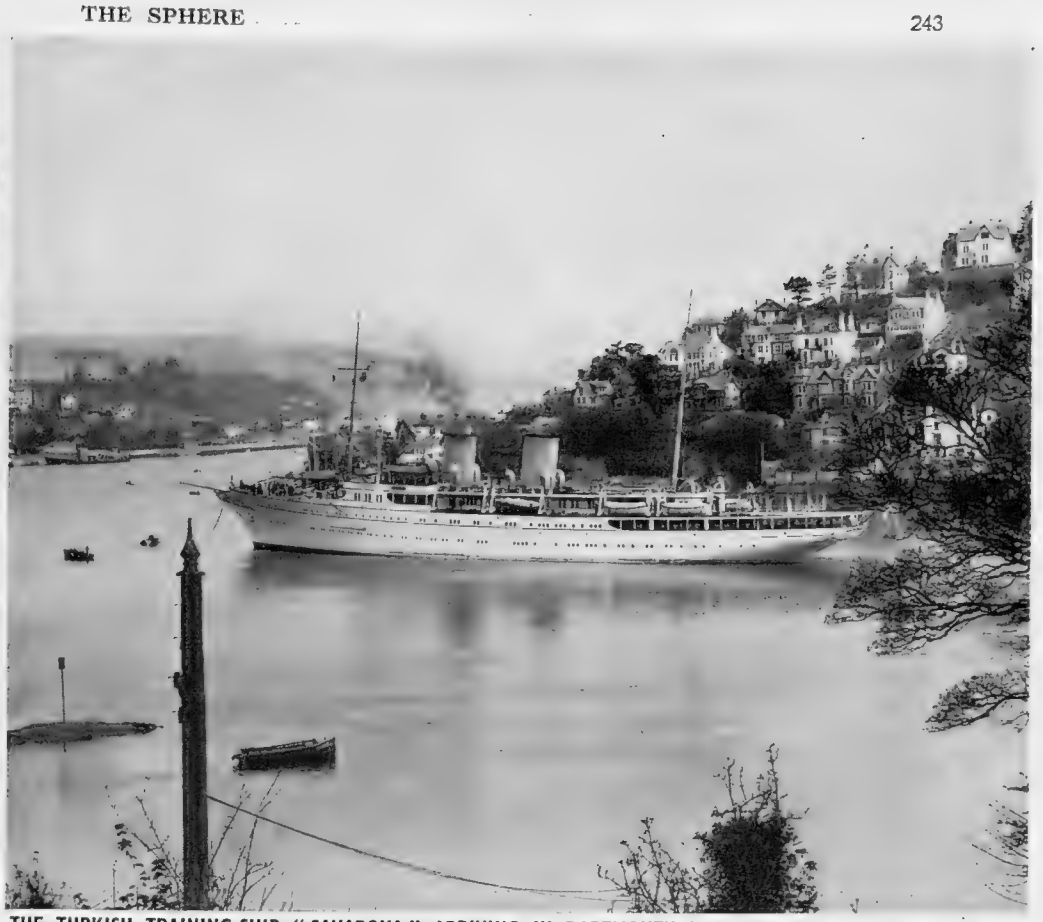
Home News in Pictures

HERALDING SUMMER

The First Official Match of the Australian Tour; The Coronation Ye 2,000 Guineas; Crown Prince Akihito in London; Preparing t Royal Barge; the Turkish Training-Ship "Savarona"; the Quee Mother at Portsmouth; the Duke of Edinburgh Visits Ches

CROWN PRINCE AKIHITO OF JAPAN, WHO IS VISITING LONDON FOR TH CORONATION, TAKING A WALK IN KENSINGTON GARDENS: With the nineteen-year-old Prince is Mr. D. C. Symon, of the Foreign Office. The sleepy Londoner enjoying a lunchtime nap on the park bench seems quite oblivious of the distinguished perso so near him. *On left*—A view of Cragside, the Northumber land home of Lord Arm strong, where Prince Akihi will stay for eight day during his visit to England. The Crown Prince reache this country from Americ on the liner *Queen Elizabeth*. At Southampton he was met by Mr. Matsumoto, the Japanese Ambassador, and when his train drew in at Waterloo he was greeted by members of the Japanese diplomatic and business community in London, in cluding many children who waved Japanese flags. Five hours later he was window-shopping in the West End. In the Prince's baggage was a present for the Queen from his father, the Emperor of Japan. Its nature is a secret.

PREPARING THE ROYAL BARGE FOR HER DUTIES AT THE CORONATION NAVAL REVIEW—CRAFTSMEN WORKING ON THE BOAT AT PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD : The Royal Barge was built by a Portsmouth firm in 1938, and after the Coronation Naval Review at Spithead she will be used in conjunction with the Royal yacht *Britannia*, which was launched by the Queen recently. At Spithead, the Royal Barge will be in attendance upon H.M.S. *Surprise*, the dispatch vessel in which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will review the Fleet. The barge has been completely stripped and will be repainted and regilded by expert craftsmen.



THE TURKISH TRAINING-SHIP "SAVARONA" ARRIVING IN DARTMOUTH HARBOUR : This fine vessel, under the command of Captain Vedat Burak, was visiting England during the course of a training cruise. She carried 16 officers, 30 petty officers, 71 midshipmen and 86 ratings, and had already visited Tripoli, Gibraltar, Brest and Hamburg. Both at Dover, where she arrived on April 24, and later at Dartmouth, there were receptions for members of the crew. The *Savarona*, of 5,710 tons, was purchased for the use of Kemal Ataturk, the first Turkish President, during his illness, and was converted into a training-ship after his death.

On left—

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH VISITS CHESTER : Prince Philip is seen as he unveils a plaque on an establishment set up by the Sea Cadet Corps by the Shropshire Union Canal. The Duke named the establishment the training-ship *Deva*. The ship was dedicated by the Bishop of Chester, who is seen on the right of the picture. Earlier during his visit to Chester, the Duke of Edinburgh visited the steelworks of John Summers and Sons, where he was met by Mr. Iain Macleod, the Minister of Health, and was shown the new extensions to the factory and the site on which these extensions are to be duplicated to give the works an annual capacity of 1,000,000 tons of steel a year.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER LAYING A WREATH ON THE PORTSMOUTH NAVAL WAR MEMORIAL 1939-45 EXTENSION, WHICH SHE UNVEILED LAST WEEK : **The extension commemorates officers and ratings serving in Portsmouth-manned ships and those ratings of the Portsmouth Port Division who lost their lives in the Second World War.** *On right*— **A section of the large crowd attending the unveiling ceremony. They included 16,000 relatives of officers and men whose names appear on the memorial panels.** In her speech the Queen Mother said that she was proud to unveil the memorial. It was fitting that it stood in Portsmouth, whose naval traditions were second to none, and which for generations had been the home of countless thousands of sailors. The extension of the memorial is in the form of a sunken garden on the landward side of the obelisk erected as a naval memorial after the 1914-18 war. On the walls of the garden are fifty-eight bronze panels, recording the names of 14,787 officers and ratings, 75 of them from Newfoundland. The walls are curved at the ends and stone steps lead to the obelisk and Southsea Esplanade. The extension was designed by Mr. Edward Maufe and the sculptors were Mr. Charles Wheeler, Mr. W. McMillan and Mr. Esmond Burton. The Queen Mother also visited Portsmouth Cathedral, where she attended a service of thanksgiving for the preservation of the Cathedral during the war.

The Sphere of Travel

Round England's South-West Shores

A TOUR OF THE ENGLISH RIVIERA; A COASTLINE NOT TO BE EXCELLED ANYWHERE IN EUROPE; THE SCILLIES AND THE CHANNEL ISLES

THE SEA-FRONT AT SALCOMBE, SOUTH DEVON, VIEWED FROM PORTLEMOUTH : Salcombe is famed for its equable climate and attracts visitors both in winter and summer. It still has a coasting trade and at one time the Salcombe clippers were noted vessels. The town is very much a centre for yachtsmen. Close to this resort is Start Point, the westward extremity of the great bay which includes several well-known resorts and which goes on to Portland Bill.

RUNNING between Lyme Regis, on the Dorset-Devon border, and Land's End is a strip of English coast which for beauty and romantic appeal is not to be excelled elsewhere in Europe. Indeed, out of all my travel memories, and they range to most corners of the globe, any short list of the most outstanding ones would certainly include two walks I made since the war: one along the south coast of Devon, between Lyme Regis and Plymouth; the other around the Lizard, in Cornwall.

It is true that in both cases I was graced with the most idyllic early summer weather, which made my tour a journey through an earthly paradise; but then, this part of Britain is singularly fortunate in its long hours of sunshine and the mildness of its climate. In fact, in this respect, it can challenge the claims made by the Mediterranean littorals.

Dotted along this English Riviera are about a dozen fashionable and popular resorts, such as Sidmouth, Budleigh Salterton, Exmouth, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Paignton, Dartmouth, Fowey, Polperro, Falmouth and Penzance. All these places have their own publicity offices, which issue elaborate brochures giving full particulars regarding accommodation, local attractions and organised entertainments and excursions. Personal tastes must decide individual selection about which place to visit.

But there are many holiday-makers who prefer smaller and more informal resorts, and here again I have a list of a dozen places I can recommend: Seaton, Babbacombe, Brixham, Salcombe, the Looes, Mevagissey, St. Mawes, Coverack, Kynance Cove, Porthleven, Newlyn and Mousehole. Each of these spots has its own special appeal, and each has its own staunch supporters who claim that their particular choice is the best. I am not going to say that I like one more than another, for I would be happy anywhere. I might, however, well be guided in my selection of an hotel by the alluring and reliable recommendations given by Ashley Courtenay in his excellent book, *Let's Halt Awhile*.

When it comes to the real Devon—the Devon of which English exiles dream in faraway lands—then one inevitably turns to the tiny places, often mere fishing ports, where the spirit of an exciting past still lives.

I think, for instance, of the quaint little fishing village of Beer, four miles from Seaton. It was to this village that Queen Victoria went for her wedding dress, which cost £1,000 and was described as being "beautiful beyond description." It is, however, for its past smuggling activities that this tiny place is best known. Here lived Jack Rattenbury, the "Rob Roy of the West," who in his day was the most notorious and daring of his kind. But it would appear that he had the co-operation of the whole village in his nefarious and profitable activities.

As I walked recently along the village street, with its channel of clear water rushing down the side, I thought back on the day in 1876 when "the village was taken by storm, the bakers were eaten out, and the public-houses drunk dry." The cause of all this excitement was the finding of a rorqual whale, measuring 70 ft. in length, and weighing about 60 tons.

From Beer to Sidmouth there is what I regard as being the loveliest cliff-walk in England, and four miles along it from Beer there is my choice of the perfect Devonshire village—Branscombe. It is a scattered village, picturesquely situated between lofty hills near the sea. All around wild flowers bloom profusely, and the air is sweet with the cries of birds. Here I talked with the village blacksmith, bought home-made bread from the local baker—the most delicious bread I have ever tasted—and sat in the ancient church, whose east window is of clear glass, thus allowing worshippers the joy of gazing on the lovely scene outside. Further along the coast and on the other side of the Otter Head is Budleigh Salterton, another small resort, and the beginning of another cliff-walk, this time to Exmouth.

Then in Cornwall my mind flits to those two delightfully named villages of St. Just-in-Roseland and St. Anthony-in-Roseland (Roseland actually means moorland, but both spots are luxuriant with flowers and quite exotic in their setting). St. Just has one place worth travelling far to see: its church and churchyard. The thirteenth-century church stands in perhaps the most delectable God's Acre in all England, or, as I am quite prepared to argue, in all the world.

It is from Penzance that you can make the 35-mile journey by boat to St. Mary's, the largest of the 300 islands which comprise the Scillies. This three-hour trip can be rough, and consequently unpleasant, so it may be preferable to fly there by air, also from Penzance, in less than thirty minutes. At Hugh Town, capital of St. Mary's, there are several hotels and guest-houses, for the small town is a holiday resort. I prefer, however, the adjoining island of Tresco, a delightful "escapist" haunt, and because of this, with limited private accommodation. It is here that you can visit the remarkable botanical gardens belonging to the island's lessee, whose home near by, Tresco Abbey, is a comparatively modern building. From St. Mary's you can easily reach Tresco by motor-launch; also the other three inhabited islands of the group, St. Martin's, St. Agnes and Bryher.

Now across to the Channel Islands, which are linked by air services with almost all the main cities of Britain. From London, for instance, the air journey takes about an hour, and excursion fares at certain times and periods (enquire about these from your travel agent) make even a short visit worth while.

I can offer several sound reasons for taking a holiday in one or other of these self-governing islands. You savour a Continental atmosphere there without relinquishing the English way of life; and you have no bother with passports. Prices of many articles, including cigarettes and drinks, are amazingly cheap, owing to low taxation. Above all, for all those who are island-lovers at heart, you will find a climate which is almost tropical, with long hours of sunshine, green-wooded hills and high, rocky cliffs overlooking tiny bays, golden sands, and the bluest of seas, picturesque little villages and harbours where fishing-boats ride at their moorings, and a population which is kindly and courteous. You could go much further afield and not find as much to attract you.

The three States Tourism Committees at St. Helier (Jersey), St. Peter Port (Guernsey) and Alderney each issue publicity brochures, the Guernsey publication also embracing the near-by islands of Sark and Herm, on both of which limited holiday accommodation is available. Sark is particularly delightful for those who are content with an unsophisticated holiday, for the Dame of Sark has very sensible ideas on what constitutes civilisation for her small kingdom—and what she says is law.

Jersey, as the most important member of the group, is more suited to those who like the amenities of a popular resort, especially in St. Helier, its capital. But you can quite well stay at some hotel or guest-house outside of the town, in the neighbourhood of a delightful bay, of which there are several, and then make use of the frequent bus services to pay visits to the centre of a wide range of organised entertainments. Incidentally, the standard maintained by the hotels in both Jersey and Guernsey is a high one, for all establishments come under official control and are given a grading according to their merits.

Guernsey, too, has its picturesque inlet bays on the south coast, and long stretches of golden sands along its north-western side. These latter are a paradise for children. But, to me, the great attraction lies in St. Peter Port, which is a glorious small town, a tangle of old-world streets, narrow lanes and flights of stone steps worn smooth by the feet of smugglers. Narrow passages lead to little cobbled squares and arched gateways; there are the French Halles, markets filled with masses of fruit, flowers and vegetables; there is Hauteville House, the property of the City of Paris and open to the public, which was once the home for some years of Victor Hugo, and where some of his most famous novels were written; and there is the Greffe, or Records Office, where I am content to browse for hours.

ST. PETER PORT, GUERNSEY : Yachts in the harbour, and in the background the town bathed in early-morning mist. In the Channel Islands, writes Gordon Cooper, you savour a Continental atmosphere without relinquishing the English way of life. St. Peter Port is a tangle of old-world streets, narrow lanes and flights of stone steps.

But each one of the Channel Islands is saturated with history and has still in its modern life distinct links with the past. I think it is this historical tradition which adds so much to the pleasure to be derived from a holiday there. Often there comes the feeling to one with imagination that the past, even four or five centuries back, is still alive in these magical islands.

My last mention is of Alderney, which lies only eight miles from France. It is more barren than the other islands, but it offers perhaps the warmest individual welcome to those who visit it. There is a kind of all-round friendliness, reminiscent of pioneer life, so that you are entertained by people rather than by things. French is the official language of Alderney, but English is spoken by half the inhabitants. Apart from this human appeal, Alderney offers also spaciousness in its landscape, wild coastal scenery, and some gorgeous sea and cloud effects.

Gordon Cooper.

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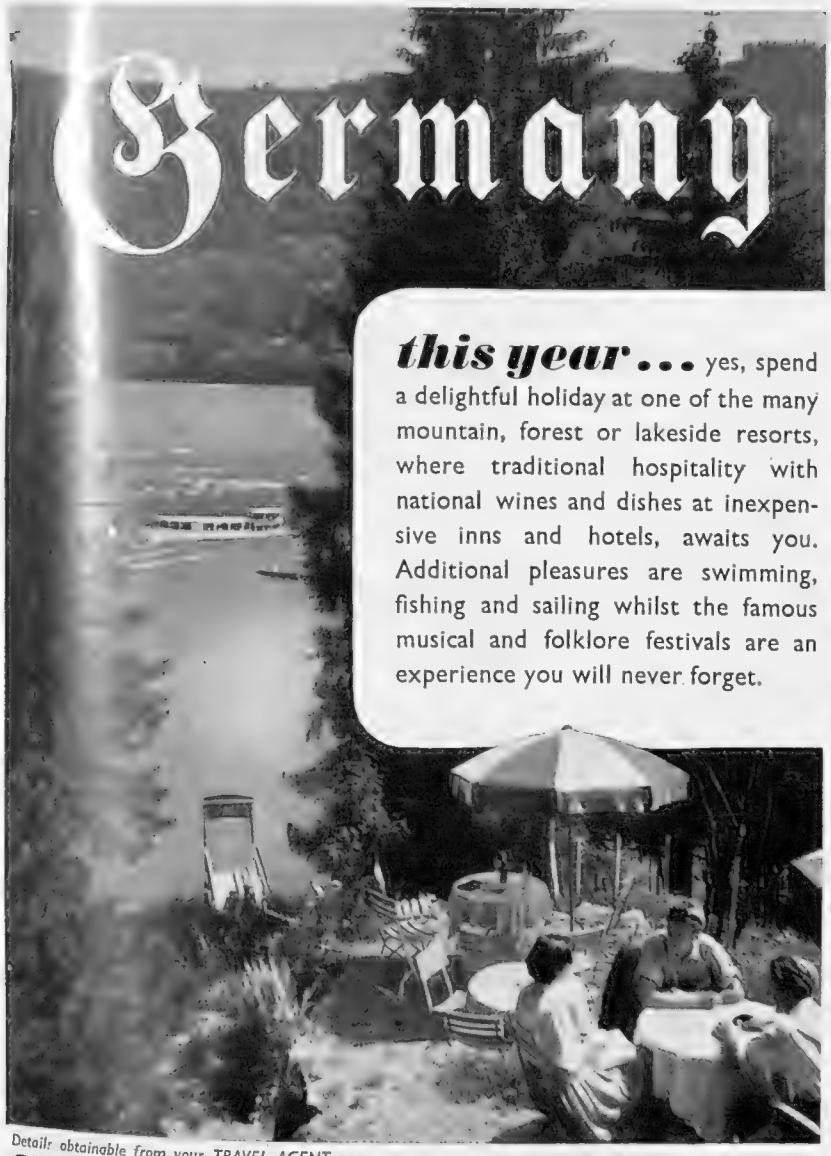

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A VINTAGE WEEK FOR NEW BOOKS

A Biography of Lloyd C. Douglas; Fred of Oxford Has Some Tales to Tell; A Young Lady Writes About the Cricket Field

THIS is a rich week in books, and why not, since it 's the height of spring? First, a biography of that remarkable figure who, from being an obscure American preacher, became in a few months one of his country's best-known writers. Before Lloyd C. Douglas wrote *The Robe*—or, rather, before it was published after several abortive attempts—only a handful of people had heard his name. Afterwards his fan mail came in vanloads and his name evoked even more than a coast-to-coast familiarity. Writing of his life and his career in THE SHAPE OF SUNDAY (Peter Davies. 15s.) his daughters, Mrs. Virginia Douglas Dawson and Mrs. Betty Douglas Wilson, show him as a man of considerable character, a family man, a forceful preacher, something of an autocrat at the breakfast table, and, above all, a man of faith who could write in one of his last letters, very ill and saddened by the loss of his wife, "I want to lie down in peace to sleep. God will stay awake."

University cities breed "characters" as much among their permanent staff, their dons and their college servants as among the brilliant or eccentric undergraduates, who generally reach the full flowering of their individual talents long after they have left Oxford or Cambridge. FRED OF OXFORD (Evans. 18s.) appears to be one of the former. He was for more than fifty years employed at University College, Oxford, and was head porter there for many years, in which span he had to deal with many spirited young men and a number of distinguished ones, including Mr. Attlee and King George VI. His memoirs are consequently full of good things, written with humour and the tolerance of experience, and enlivened by two excellent little photographs of the Queen chatting with Mr. Fred Bickerton a few years ago.

A NEW HONOUR FOR MADAME COLETTE: M. André Marie, the French Minister of Education, investing the distinguished French woman novelist with the insignia of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, the ceremony taking place on Madame Colette's eightieth birthday at a luncheon held in Paris. Madame Colette is only the second woman to be awarded the Honour.

For those who think that women's place at a cricket match is pouring out tea in the afternoon interval, I would recommend ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d.), by Miss Margaret Hughes, a young lady who not only loves the game and has followed it since her age permitted her to do so, but has taught herself a great deal about it. Mr. Neville Cardus has given the book what amounts to an accolade in his foreword, and more than that no sensible cricket-lover would ask.

I suppose it might be possible to write about cricket for people who have no knowledge of the game, but cricket books are certainly more appreciated and relished by people who have been following it, on pitch and on paper, for years, and who know that when one speaks of England being in a tight corner it has nothing to do with dollar reserves or oil wells. These people will find BUMPER (Latimer House. 12s. 6d.) at least interesting, at most provocative, for it is written by Australia's Keith Miller, and Mr. R. S. Whitington, cricket correspondent of the *Sydney Sun*, and treats of such matters as body-line bowling, past and present, the rights and wrongs of the "bumper," and the character of Bradman, whose lonely childhood is compared with that of Abraham Lincoln, and his incapacity for friendship with Napoleon's.

OFF AND ON THE FIELD (Stanley Paul. 15s.) is a book of cricket reminiscences by Sir Henry Leveson-Gower, known to the irreverent and the fond as "Shrimp." It is an amusing volume, with many good stories, of which a few are perfectly irrelevant but none the less sprightly for that. Sir Henry claims to be the only member of the M.C.C. who has served on the committee with five different secretaries, including to-day's impeccable Major Aird, and he has half-a-century of memories from which to select. His style is as unconventional in writing as it used to be in batting, and I liked his improvised grace at a cricket luncheon: "Lord, preserve our going out and our coming in."

And now for novels, which are less influenced in their subject matter by the turn of the seasons perhaps, but full of new vitality, nevertheless. Mr. Nigel Balchin writes, for instance, of an engineering firm in the Midlands and makes its workmen, its directors and even the problems of its output as exciting as what was known, in pre-inflationary days, as a shilling shocker. SUNDRY CREDITORS (Collins. 10s. 6d.), however, has nothing intrinsically shocking about it. It is a good, sturdy novel, written for the most part in dialogue, and its excitement consists in the author's amazing perception of the way in which human beings are likely to behave.

ESCAPADE (Bodley Head. 10s.) is about human beings too, but on a more highly-fantastical scale, and is concerned with an English village which Mr. Rex Warner rather alarmingly calls Average. The of its inhabitants include a more highly-coloured Colonel Bracer, his Negro servant, Boo, an eccentric and pretty housekeeper, Mrs. Helpless, and her gigantic horse, Clara. Sometimes it is possible to guess from the ingredients how the dish is likely to taste, and that could just possibly be the case here. As a novel it is gossamer light, sometimes amusing, and generally slightly eccentric.

CHARLEY MOON (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is a novel devoted to eccentricity of another kind, for this is Mr. Reginald Arkell's story of a comedian who makes a great success on the London stage in the '20's and then disappears, to supply theatrical clubmen with the evergreen question: "What became of —— ?" The answer in this case is that Charley Moon becomes, or reverts to being, a countryman, without the acclaim, without the brilliant first nights and without the astronomical salaries. The moral, if so gentle a writer could be said to point one, is evidently there to read.

A popular version of the Cinderella story, so popular that it is often the basis of a day-dream, is about the young person grown famous who returns to the scenes of earlier struggles and knocks all his old acquaintances sideways. Mr. Frank Singleton has chosen this for the plot of his amiable novel, A CHANGE OF SKY (Chatto and Windus. 11s. 6d.), and has made a good thing of it.

PHŒBE THIRSK (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) was the last novel by E. H. W. Meyerstein, a circumstance which would be inhibiting to criticism if the book itself were not so evidently an admirable little piece of work on its own, dry, witty and with a sharp sense of the grotesque in the manner of an early nineteenth-century writer.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cadell's new novel proves that variety is not so much the spice as the salt of life without which reading, for one instance, would be monotonous and insipid. JOURNEY'S EVE (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is romantic and affectionate and quite charming. It is a feminine book, and takes a feminine viewpoint of such important matters as love, marriage and the etiquette of courtship.

COME BACK TO SORRENTO (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) heads the foreign division of fiction for this week; a lusty, cheerful story about an Italian family growing up in Brooklyn under the care of a father who is half-brute, half-sentimentalist and a wisp of a mother who takes her religion seriously and her family commonsensically. Joseph Petracca writes with great spirit and his book would be enchanting if only for his phonetic rendering of Italian-American.

M. Paul Morand, who was an ambassador under the Vichy regime and is also a novelist, has written a story of Spain at the time of the Napoleonic invasion, and of the divided loyalties of a Spanish family, some of whom thought that the conqueror would do great things for their country, and some of whom resisted him implacably. THE FLAGELLANT OF SEVILLE (John Lehmann. 12s. 6d.) has been translated from the original French by Nora Wydenbruck.

THE PHILANDERER (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.) is an American novel on a universal theme, and immensely readable. Mr. Stanley Kauffman's hero pursues his avocations in a pleasantly smooth New York setting with Washington asides, and if he hasn't got the makings of an estimable character, he does at least seem very like a human person.

BLOOD IN THEIR INK (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d.) is a study of the march of the modern mystery novel, as its author, Dr. Sutherland Scott, explains, and if that is a kind of fiction which appeals to you as much as it does to me, you will find it endlessly interesting. Dr. Scott traces the growth of thrillers from the day of Edgar Allan Poe to the day of Edgar Wallace and up to our present times, and does it with a light touch and evidence of very wide reading in this field.

INTRODUCTION TO MURDER (Dakers. 10s. 6d.) is a book on a horrifying subject, the murder trial which ended the notorious "Lonely Hearts" case, in which a man and a woman were accused of a particularly brutal killing, sentenced and electrocuted. Mr. Wenzell Brown gives details of the early lives of the two murderers, and contends that the seeds of violence were planted then and that the two were subjects for a panel of psychiatrists as for a jury to deal with.

VENOM HOUSE (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is a thriller by that excellent Australian writer Mr. Arthur Upfield, whose hero is called Napoleon Bonaparte with an insouciance that any parent might envy, and is half-aboriginal and wholly sleuth. With some restraint I will only say that this new story is very good, and as odd and effective in its setting as any of its predecessors. Tap on, the Upfield typewriter!

"ERMA" SAILS TO FREEDOM

The Saga of the Baltic Refugees

When Russia pressed Sweden in 1945 for the return of Baltic refugees, Voldemar Veedam, the son of a carpenter from Tallinn, Estonia, joined his schoolmate Captain Paalberg on the mad but heroic enterprise of sailing 8,000 miles to the United States with sixteen men, women and children aboard a sloop made only for four. She was the seventy-year-old sloop *Erma*, a fine old tub of a boat, but too old for the task in hand and with seven patches in her ancient hull. The story of that journey is told by Voldemar Veedam and Carl B. Wall in SAILING TO FREEDOM (Phœnix House. 12s. 6d.). It is a wonderful tale, this saga of the Baltic refugees, told factually and seemingly without exaggeration, and most moving in its simplicity. We see the *Erma* staggering from port to port, weathering the great storms of the Atlantic, surviving the calms, her crew enduring cold and hunger until at last, beaten back time and time again from the American coast, a naval vessel showers on them fuel, water, food, tobacco and charts, saving them all in their moment of direst need and sending them rejoicing to their journey's end in the New World. How the refugees fared in the United States provides a final brief chapter, a fairy-tale ending almost, and as for *Erma*, repaired and refitted, she has become the family pleasure boat of a Washington lawyer. Despite her patches, the men and women who sailed to freedom in her have an odd feeling that *Erma* is indestructible.

Here is another adventure book of the sea. In BEYOND HORIZONS (William Kimber. 15s.), Carleton Mitchell, one of the great sailing enthusiasts of our day, describes some of the remarkable voyages of other days when every sea voyage had the nature of a perilous enterprise. The story of George Anson's journey to Juan Fernandez, of Captain Bligh's journey from Tofoa to Timor in a ship's boat, and of Captain James's search for the North-West Passage all provide most dramatic material for this narrative, which is closely based on the logs and journals of some of the great figures in maritime history.

Hugh Dalton, a former Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer, has written the first volume of his memoirs under the title of CALL BACK YESTERDAY (Frederick Muller. 21s.). He covers the years 1887 to 1931, to the time, indeed, of the break-up of the Labour Government in 1931. Inevitably the chief interest centres on the closing pages, on the defection of MacDonald from his Party, and the Premier's formation of a National Government which he evidently undertook with high glee and not a trace of regret for the past. Dalton makes it very plain that MacDonald thought little of the mental calibre of his Labour colleagues, and we see him steadily moving towards National Government as if towards some delectable haven. These are most intriguing memoirs, whetting the appetite for the sequel, which will no doubt cover the even more dramatic years of Labour administration after the Second World War.

Flying Saucers cannot be written off as mere products of twentieth-century hysteria, for in 1897 there was such a thing as the phantom airship scare, and in 1882 the auroral beam occupied more columns in the Press than the subject really warranted. Even so, Donald H. Menzel, Professor of Astrophysics at Harvard University, has long felt that clarification is needed, and his new book FLYING SAUCERS (Putnam. 21s.) is an attempt to collate all the known evidence relating to the unexplained phenomena which have been appearing in the American sky. His book is a scholarly effort, indeed so scholarly that the appendix, dealing with the theory of mirages, will be utterly obscure to all those who do not understand at a glance what happens when $T = T(1 + ah)$, or what is meant by the refractive index of air at sea-level pressure. There are pages in this book that are not so hard to follow, and Professor Menzel is perhaps at his best in describing some of the extraordinary phenomena of the past, such as the Spectre of the Brocken, and some of the hoaxers, jokers and publicity-seekers who have added fuel to the fires of public curiosity.

Greatly daring, a Protestant who is descended from a long line of Scottish-Irish Presbyterian forbears has sat down and written a new appraisal of THE PAPACY (McGraw-Hill. 21s.). It is little wonder that publishers declare this is the most controversial non-fiction work to appear on the literary horizon in recent years, and readers will, of course, decide for themselves how far the author has succeeded in producing a balanced appraisal. Mr. McKnight has much to say of the present Pope, describing him as a modern man set down in a dank maze of dusty dogma, musty custom, dark superstition and moss-grown conservatism, who may very well have done all that one man can do to let in light and air. Whatever the author may have done or not done, he has certainly approached his task with the utmost courage and sincerity. This is a conscientious effort by a writer who has been at close quarters with news from the Vatican in these post-war years. By Catholic and non-Catholic alike it deserves to be read with care, but it is bound to arouse heated argument.

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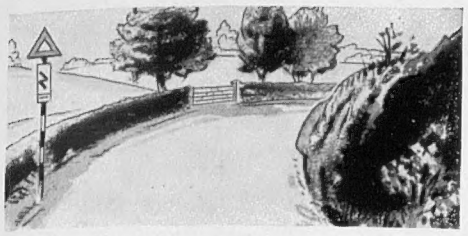

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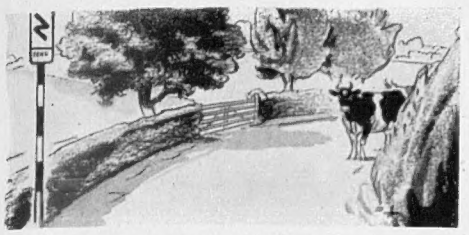

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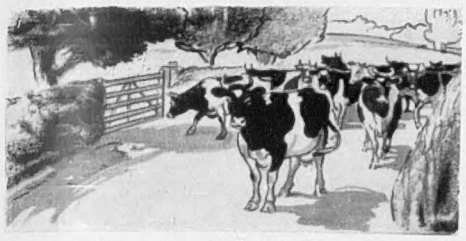

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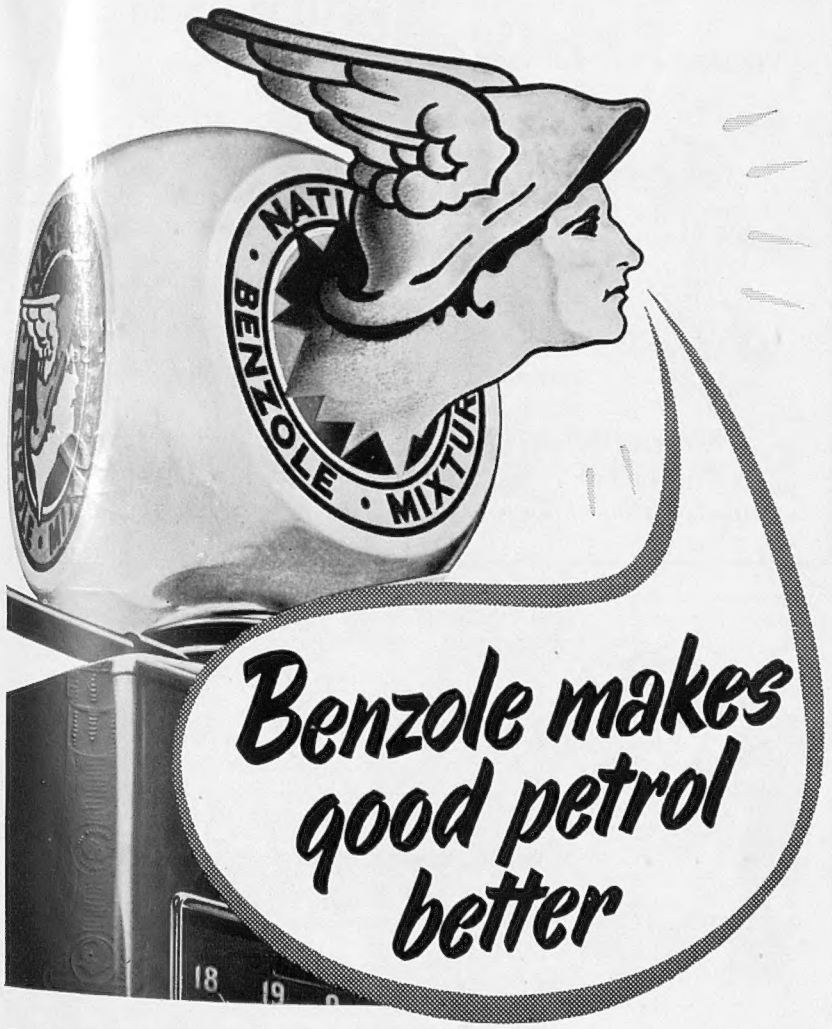

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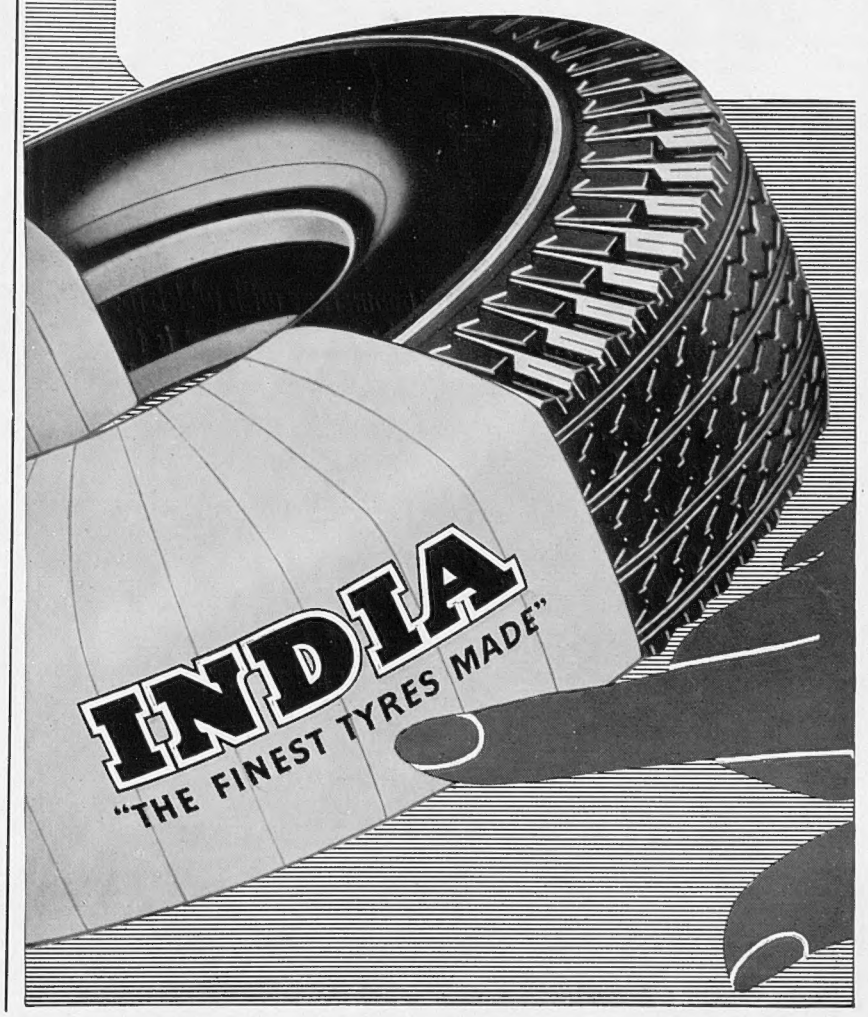

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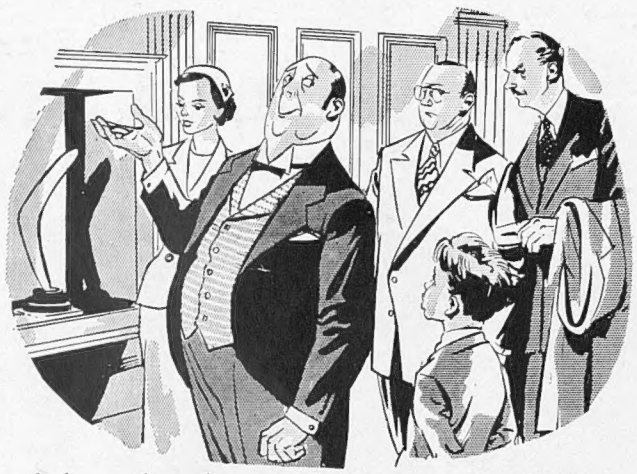

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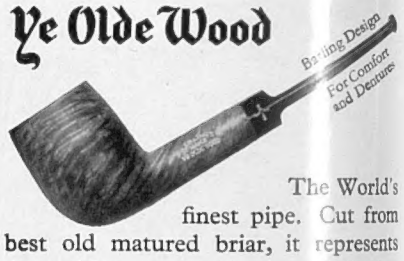

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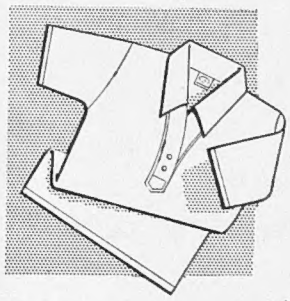

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